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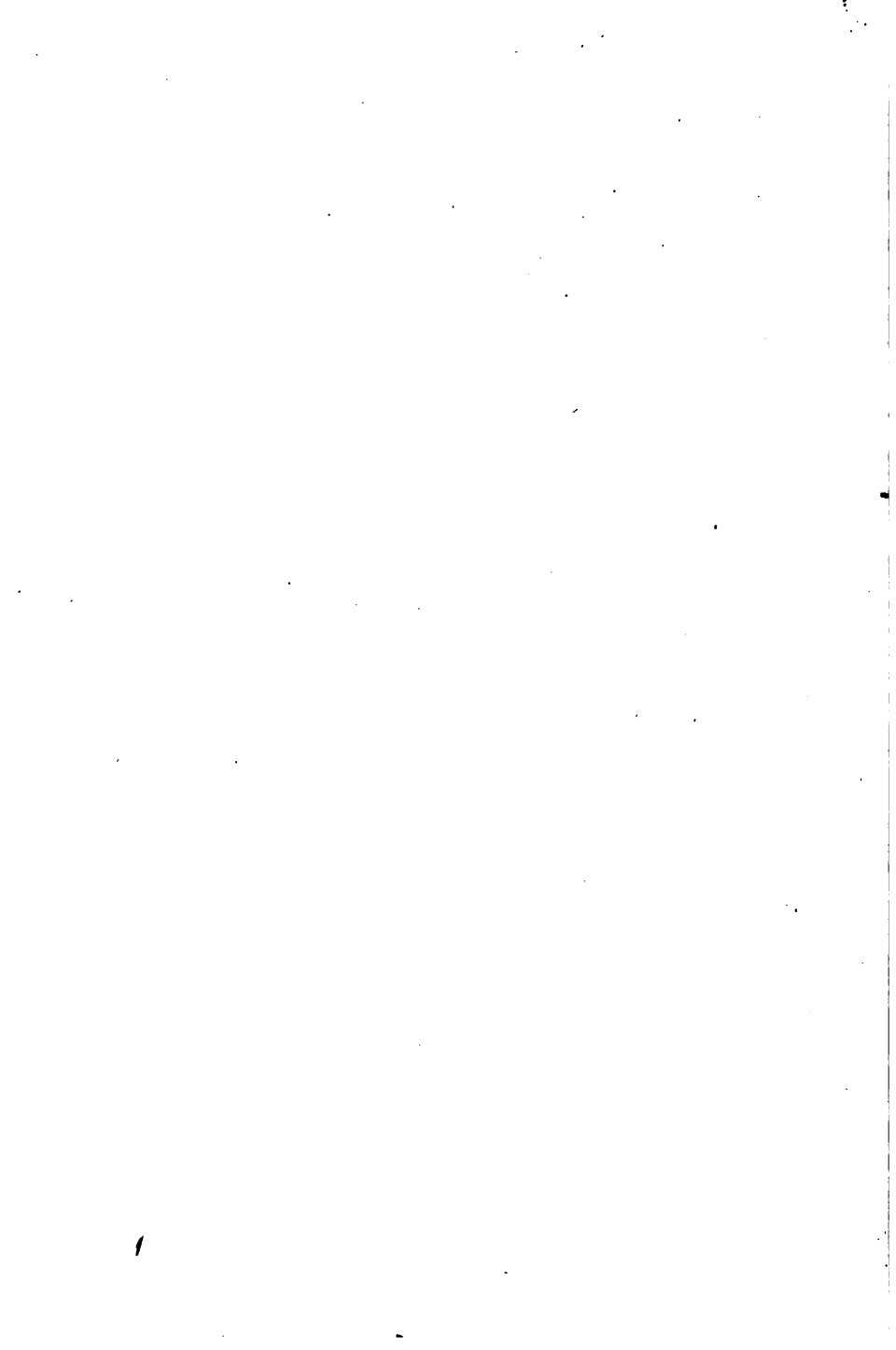
MRS. ANNA LOUISA MÖRING,

OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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Received Sept. 15, 1890.





①

# AN ELEGY

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

By THOMAS GRAY.



NEW YORK : D. APPLETON AND CO.

MDCCCLIV.

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15 Sept, 1890.

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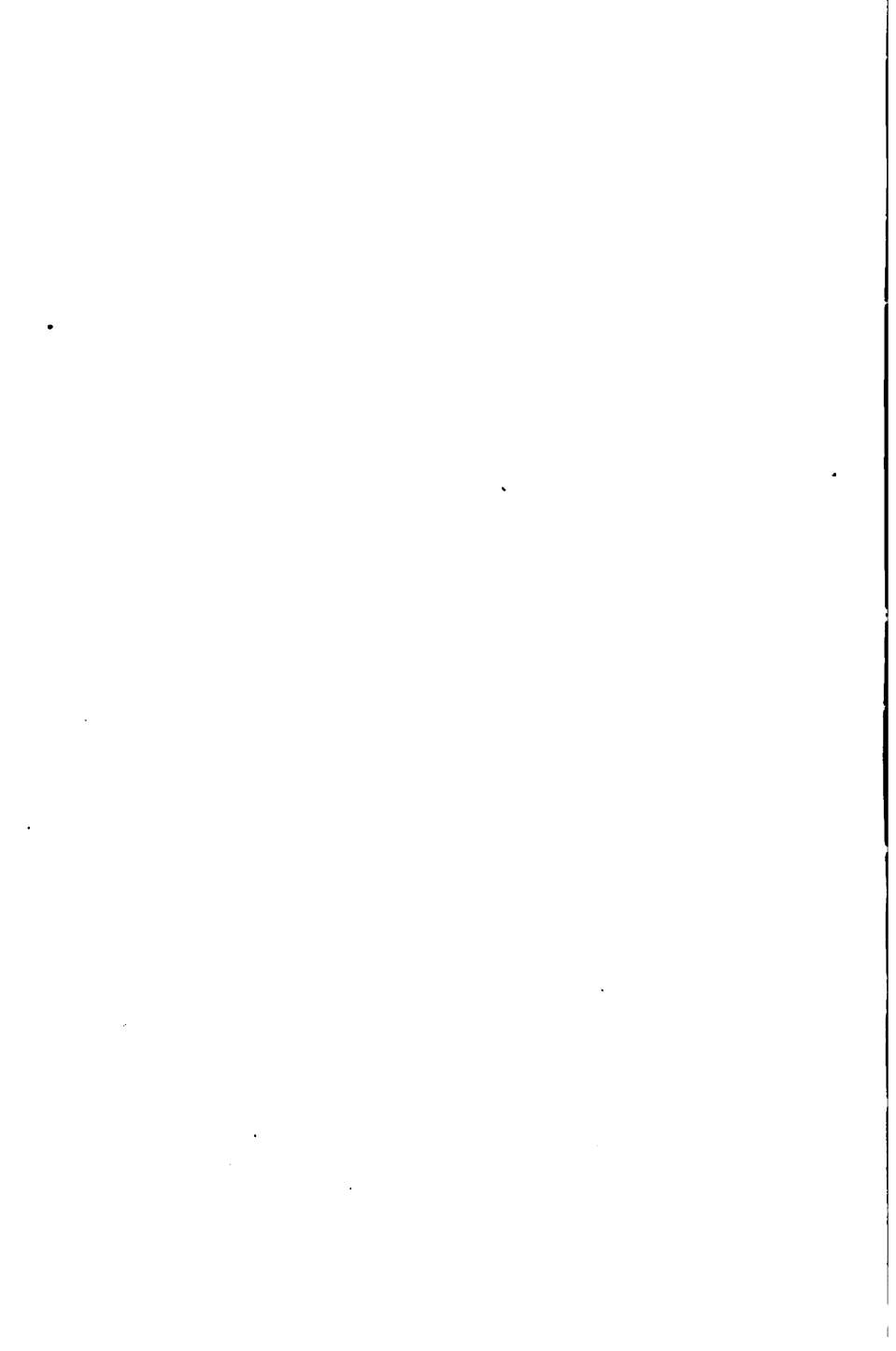


## ILLUSTRATIONS.

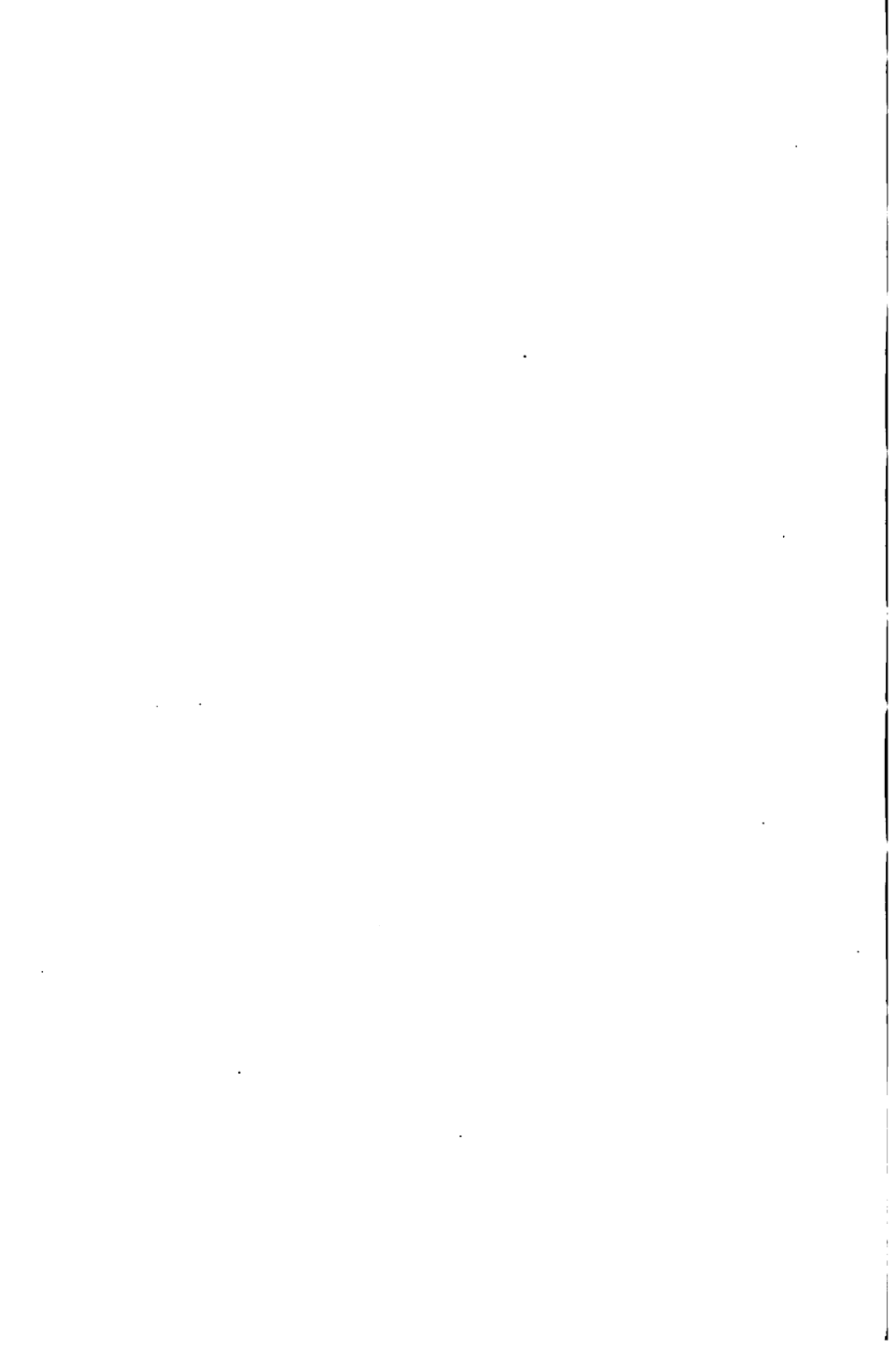
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SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	ENGRAVER.	PAGE.
Stoke Pogis Church . . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>James Cooper</i> . . .	1
Parting day . . . . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>J. W. Whymper</i> . . .	3
The glimmering landscape	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>W. T. Green</i> . . .	4
Those rugged elms . . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>J. W. Whymper</i> . . .	5
Incense-breathing morn .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>W. T. Green</i> . . .	6
The envied kiss . . . .	A LADY . . . . .	<i>William Linton</i> . . .	7
How bow'd the woods . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>W. T. Green</i> . . .	8
Their useful toil . . . .	A LADY . . . . .	<i>William Measom</i> . . .	9
Th' inevitable hour . . .	GEORGE THOMAS . . .	<i>Horace Harral</i> . . .	10
Animated bust . . . . .	GEORGE THOMAS . . .	<i>Horace Harral</i> . . .	11
This neglected spot . . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>Thomas Bolton</i> . . .	12
Full many a flower . . .	A LADY . . . . .	<i>Joseph Williams</i> . . .	13
Some village-Hampden . .	GEORGE THOMAS . . .	<i>Horace Harral</i> . . .	14
Wade thro' slaughter . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>William Measom</i> . . .	15
The cool sequester'd vale.	A LADY . . . . .	<i>William Measom</i> . . .	16
The rustic moralist . . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>W. T. Green</i> . . .	17
One longing ling'ring look	A LADY . . . . .	<i>William Measom</i> . . .	18
On some fond breast . . .	A LADY . . . . .	<i>A. J. Mason</i> . . .	19
The upland lawn . . . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>James Cooper</i> . . .	20
The brook that babbles by	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>W. T. Green</i> . . .	21
The church-way path . . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>William Measom</i> . . .	22
The lap of earth . . . .	A LADY . . . . .	<i>Horace Harral</i> . . .	23
Their dread abode . . . .	BIRKET FOSTER . . .	<i>William Measom</i> . . .	24







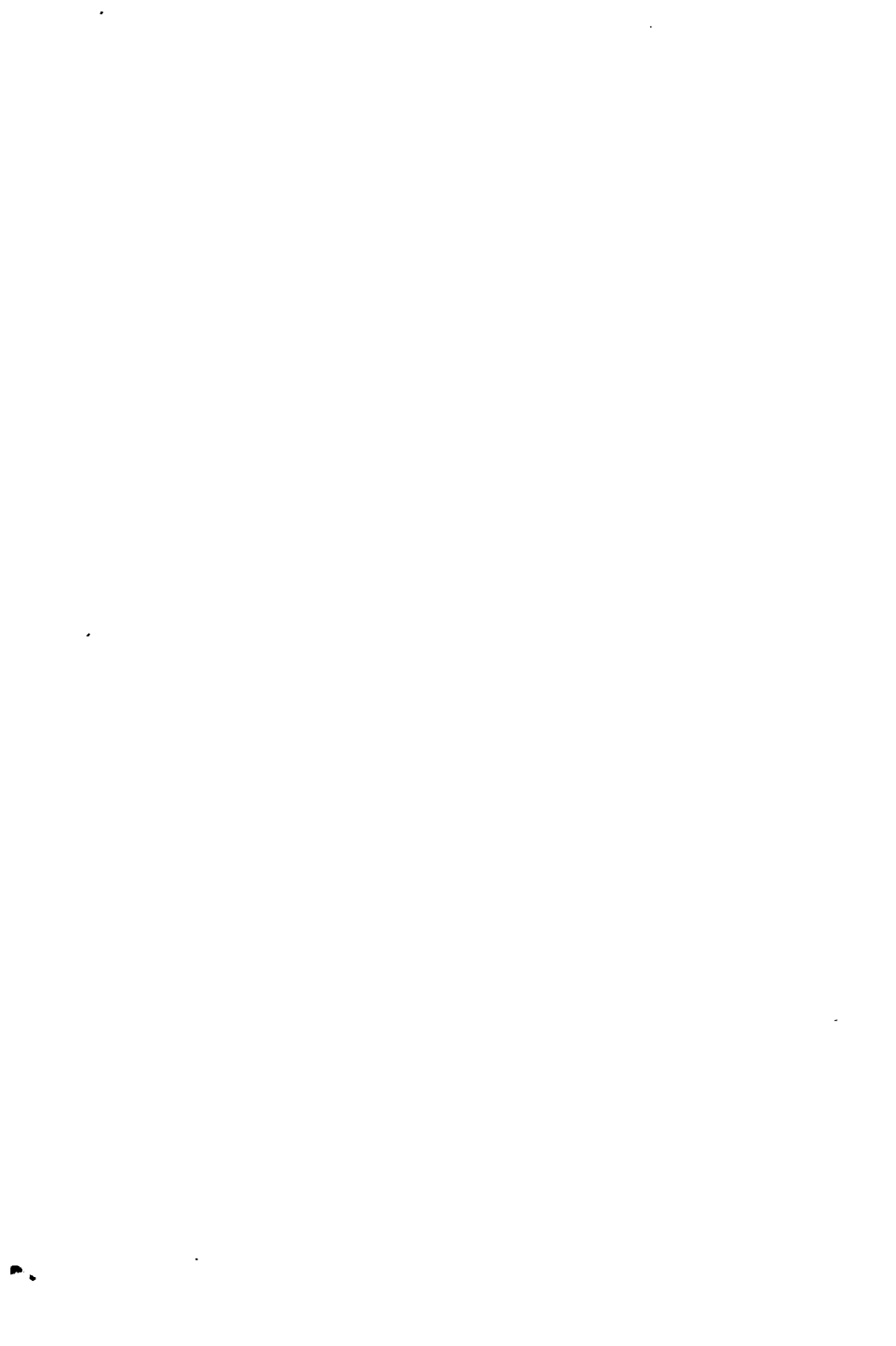


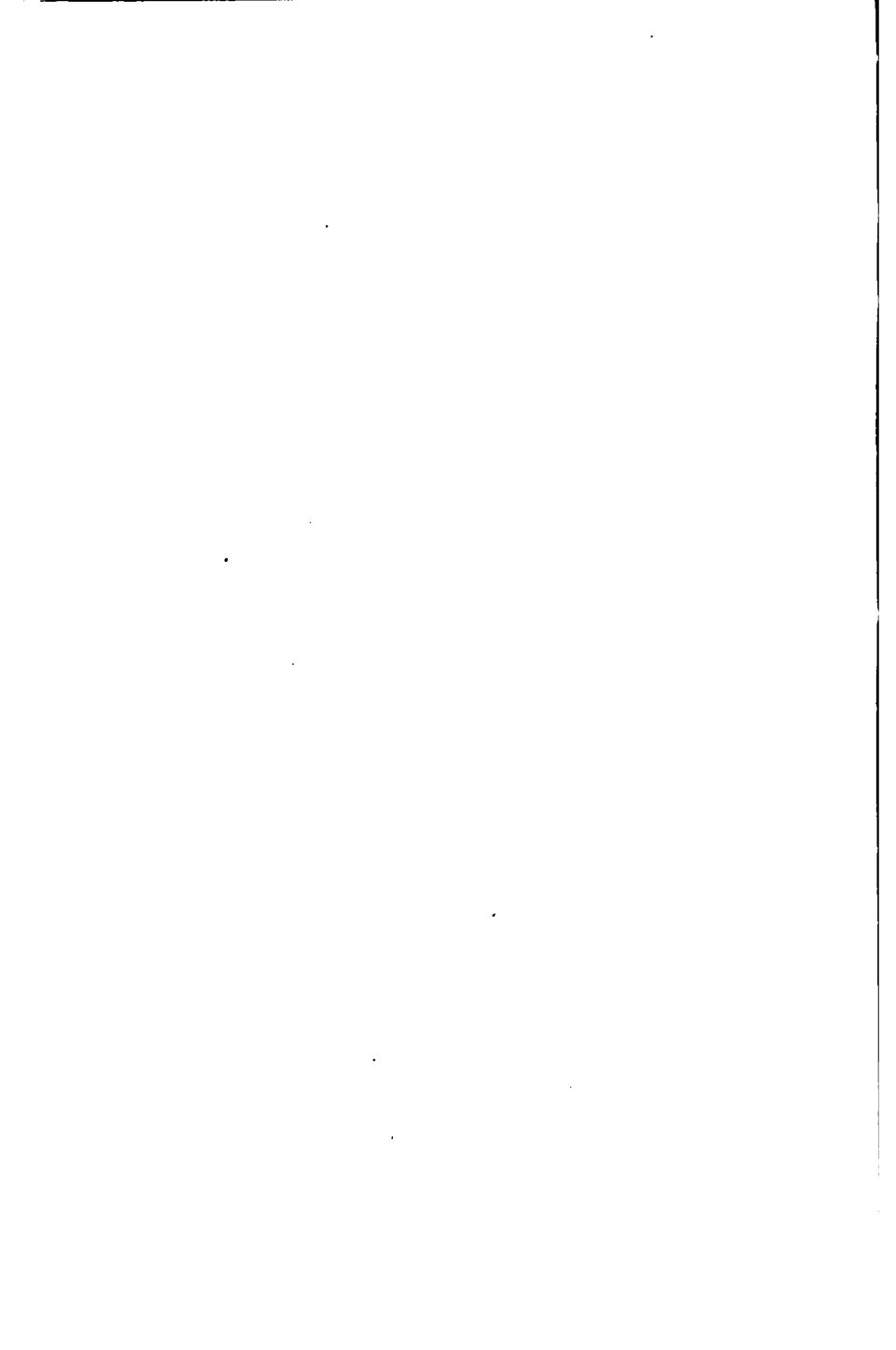


### AN ELEGY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.







ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

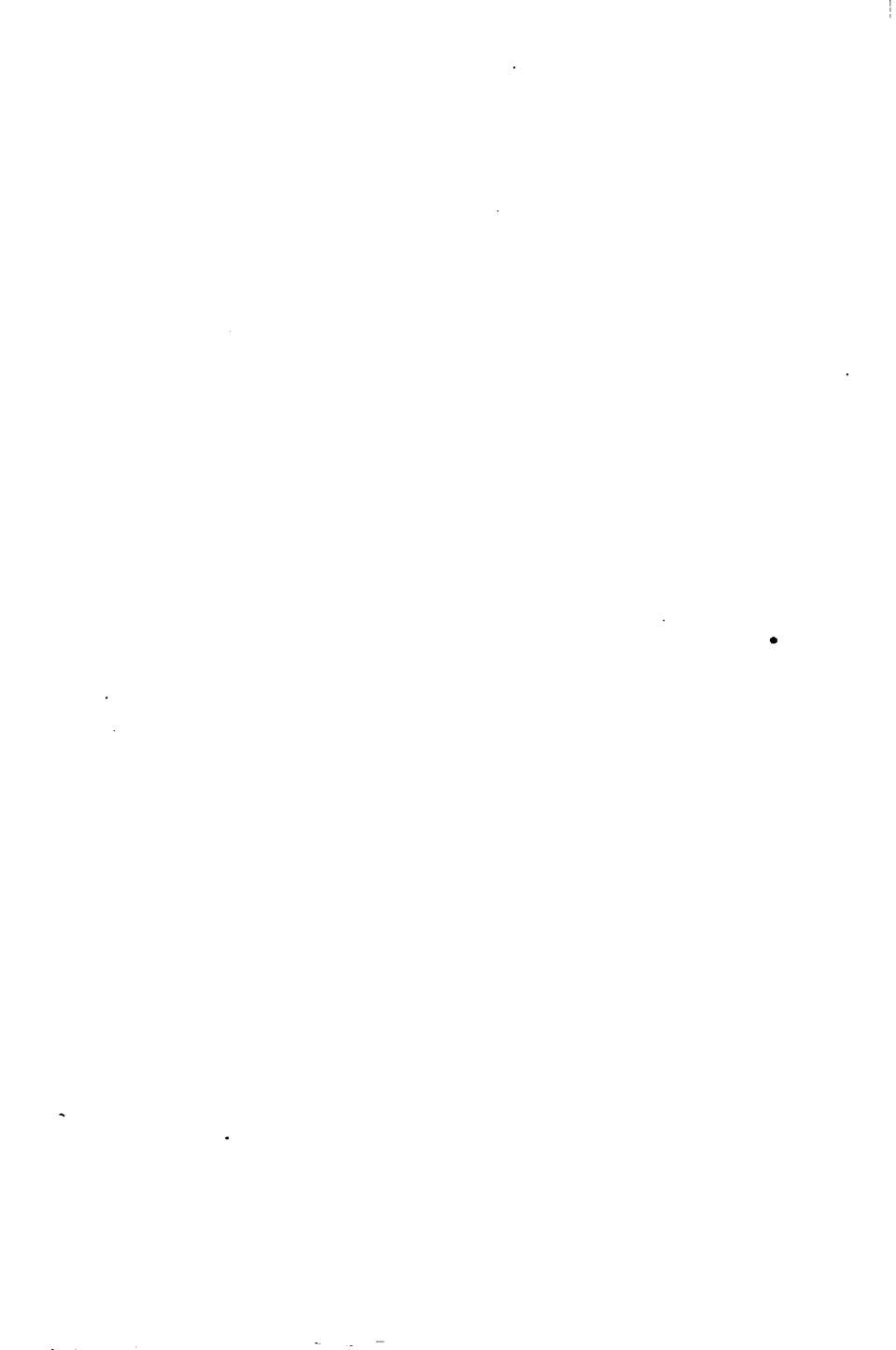
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

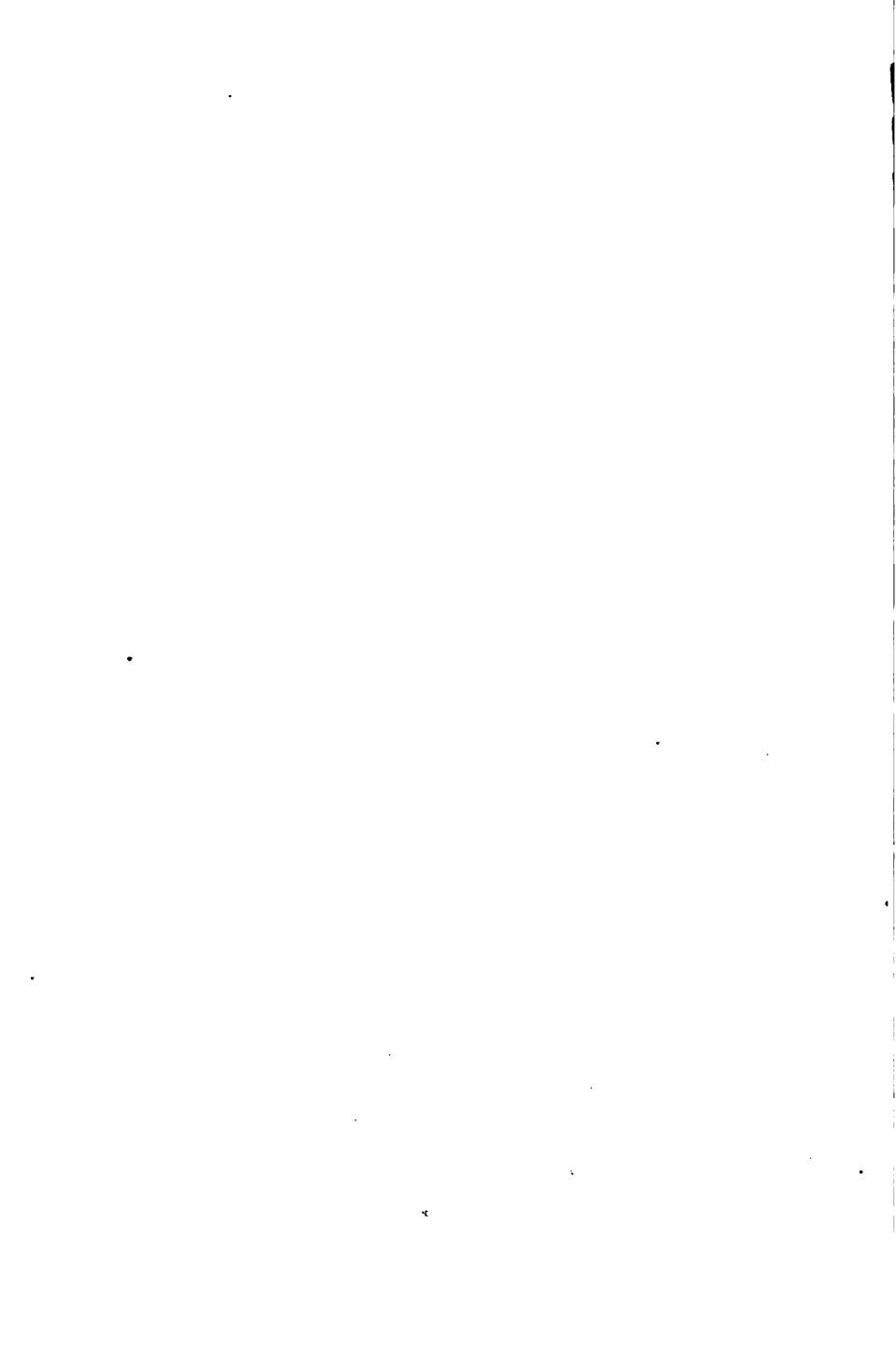


Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.





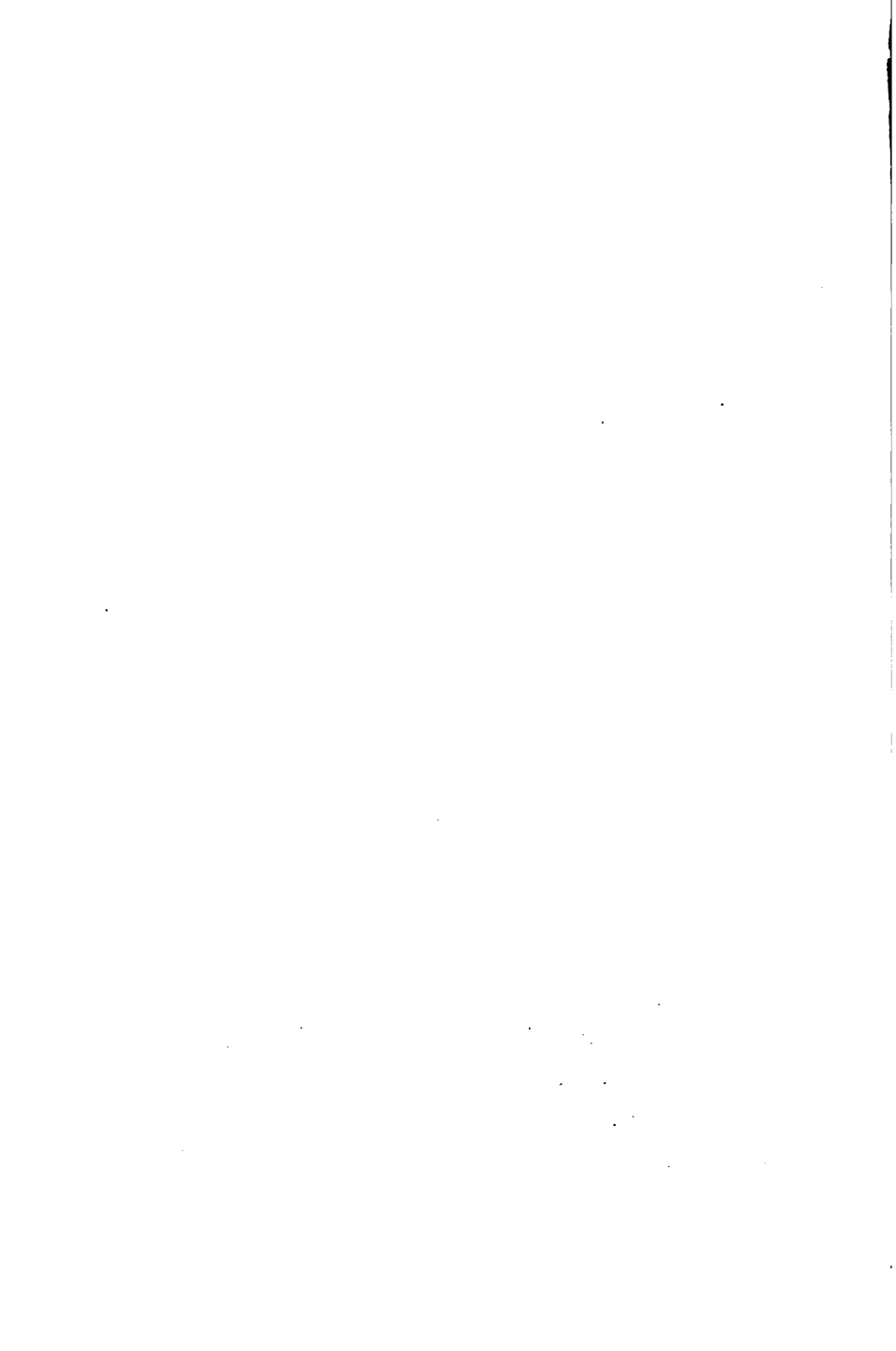


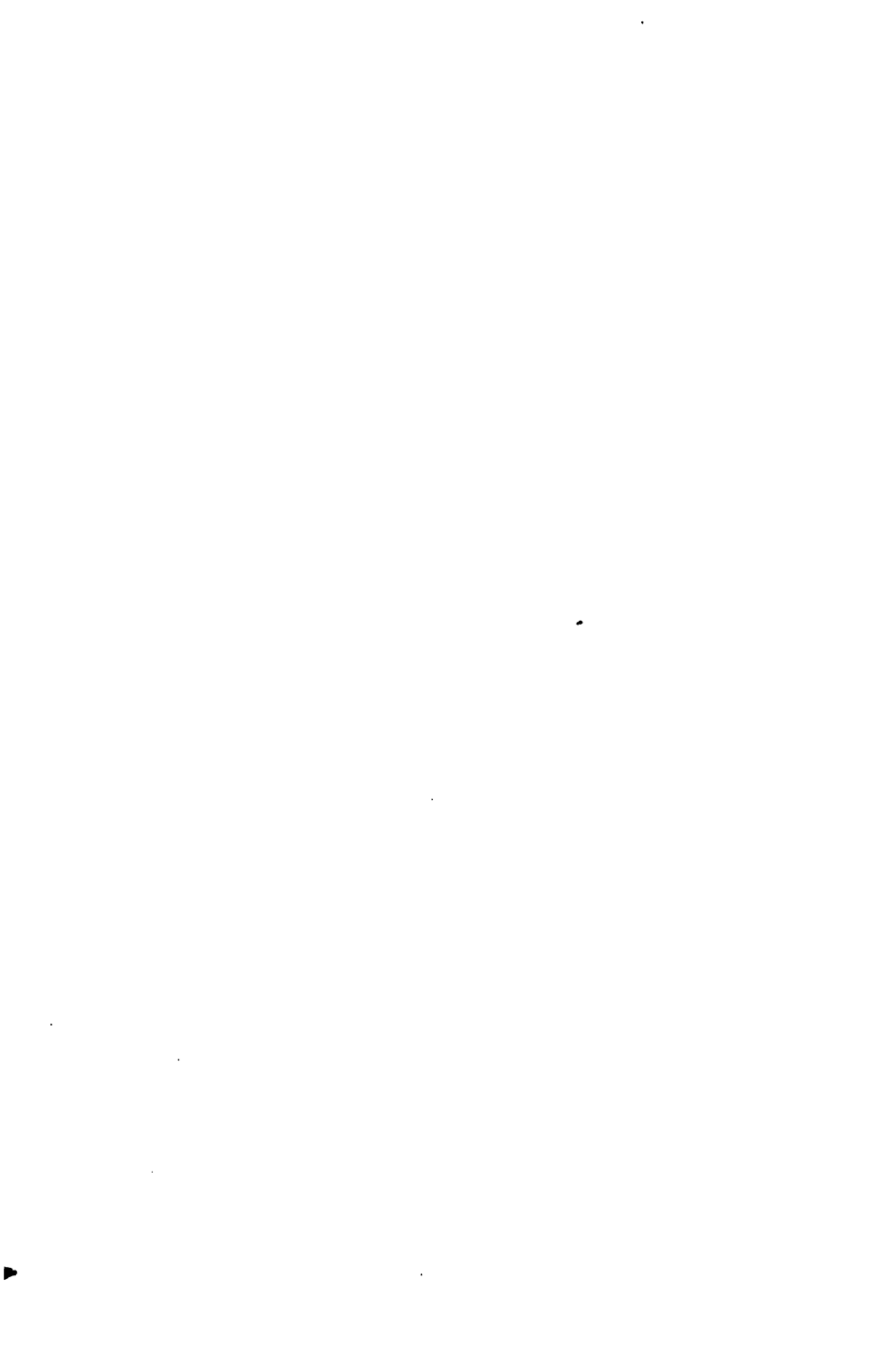


ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.





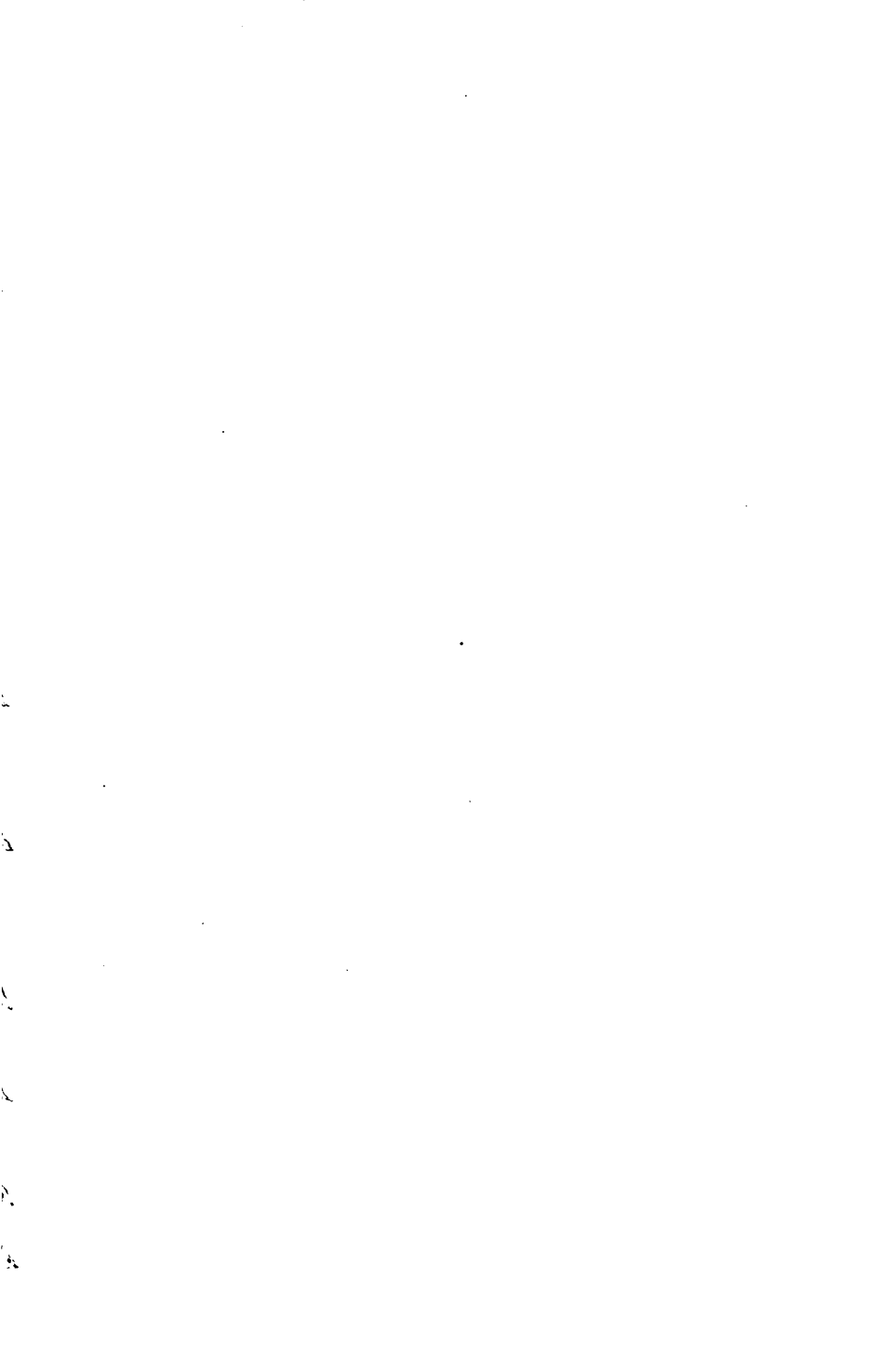




The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.







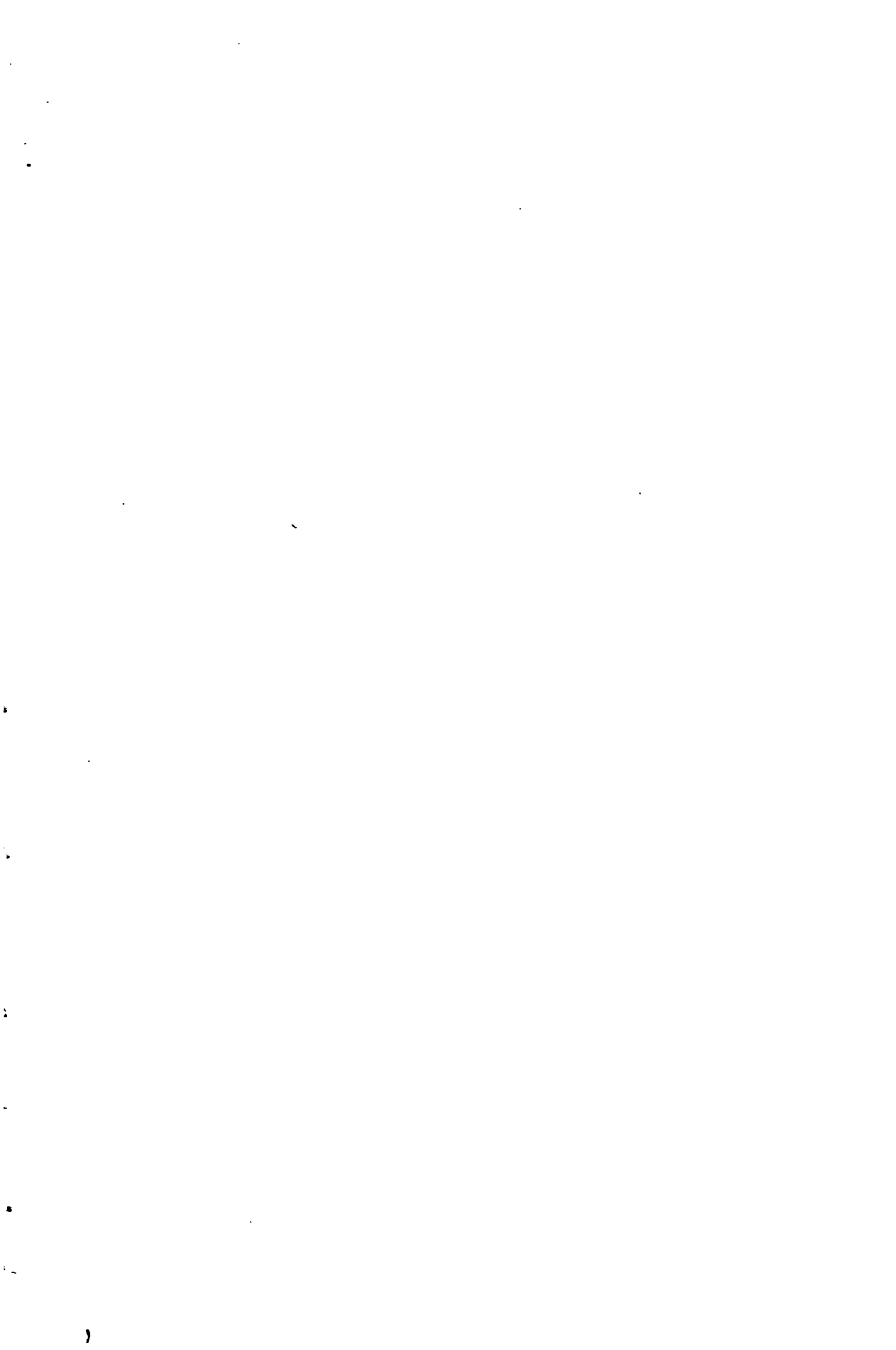


ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.







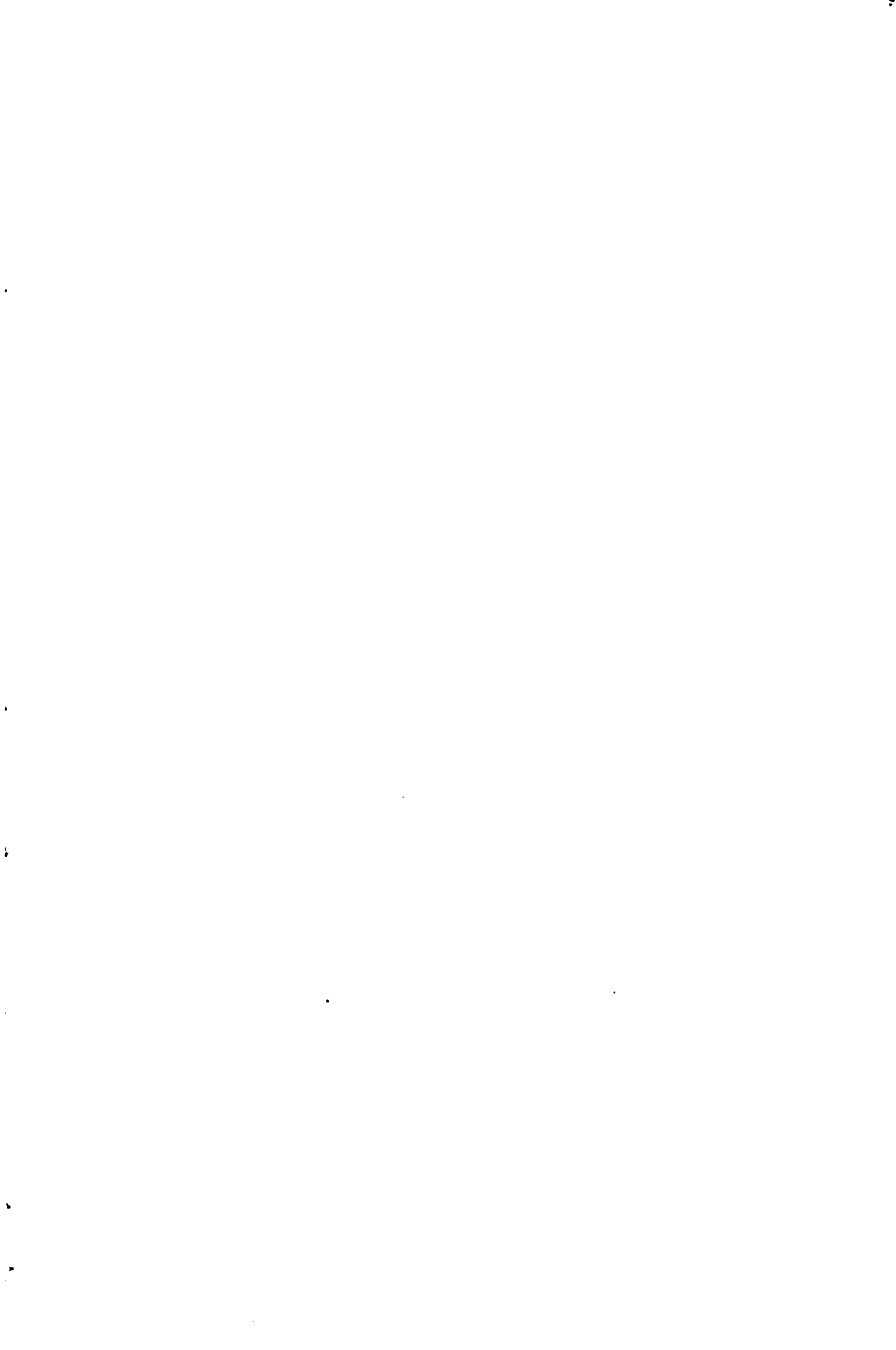
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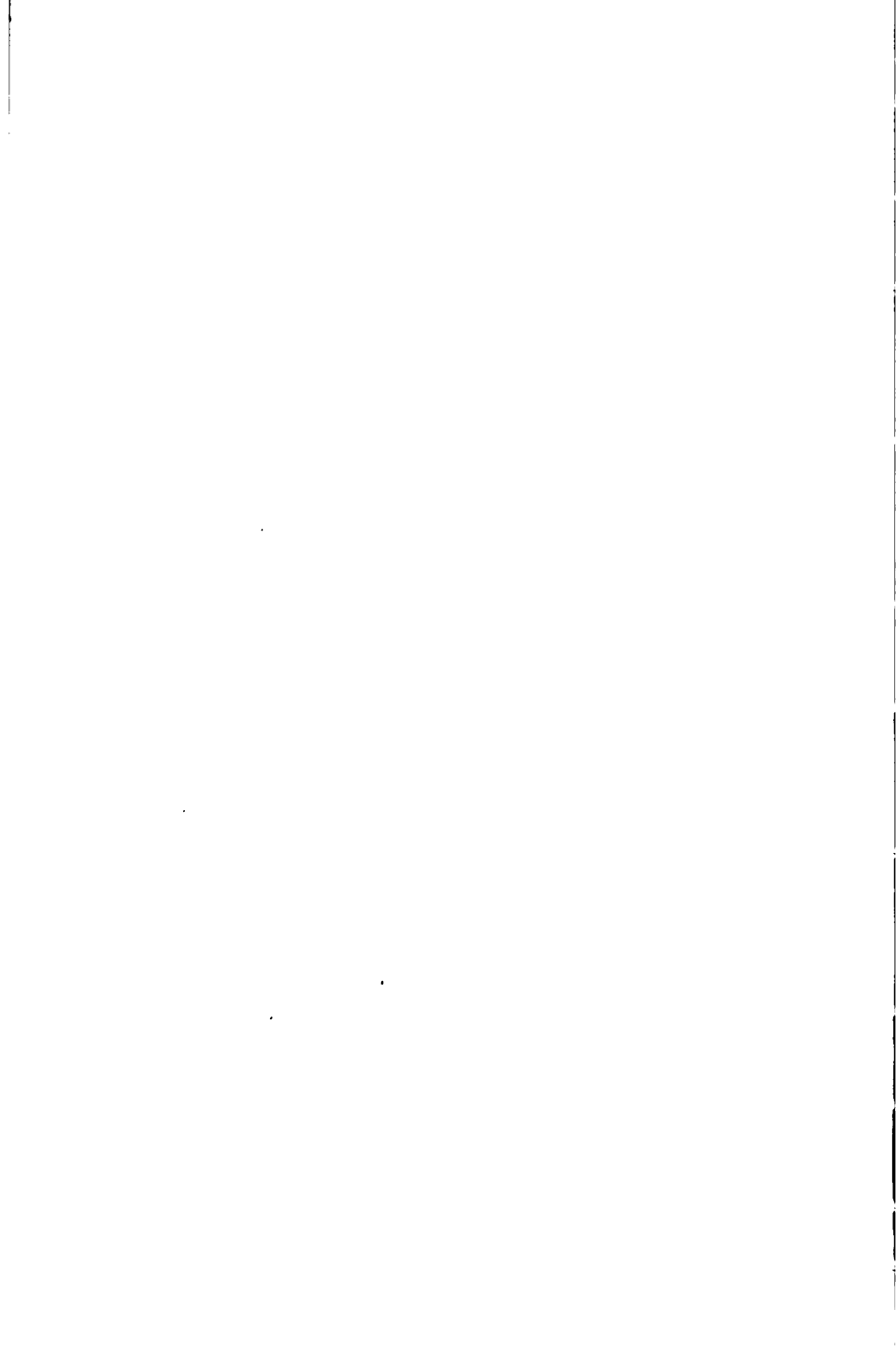


Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !







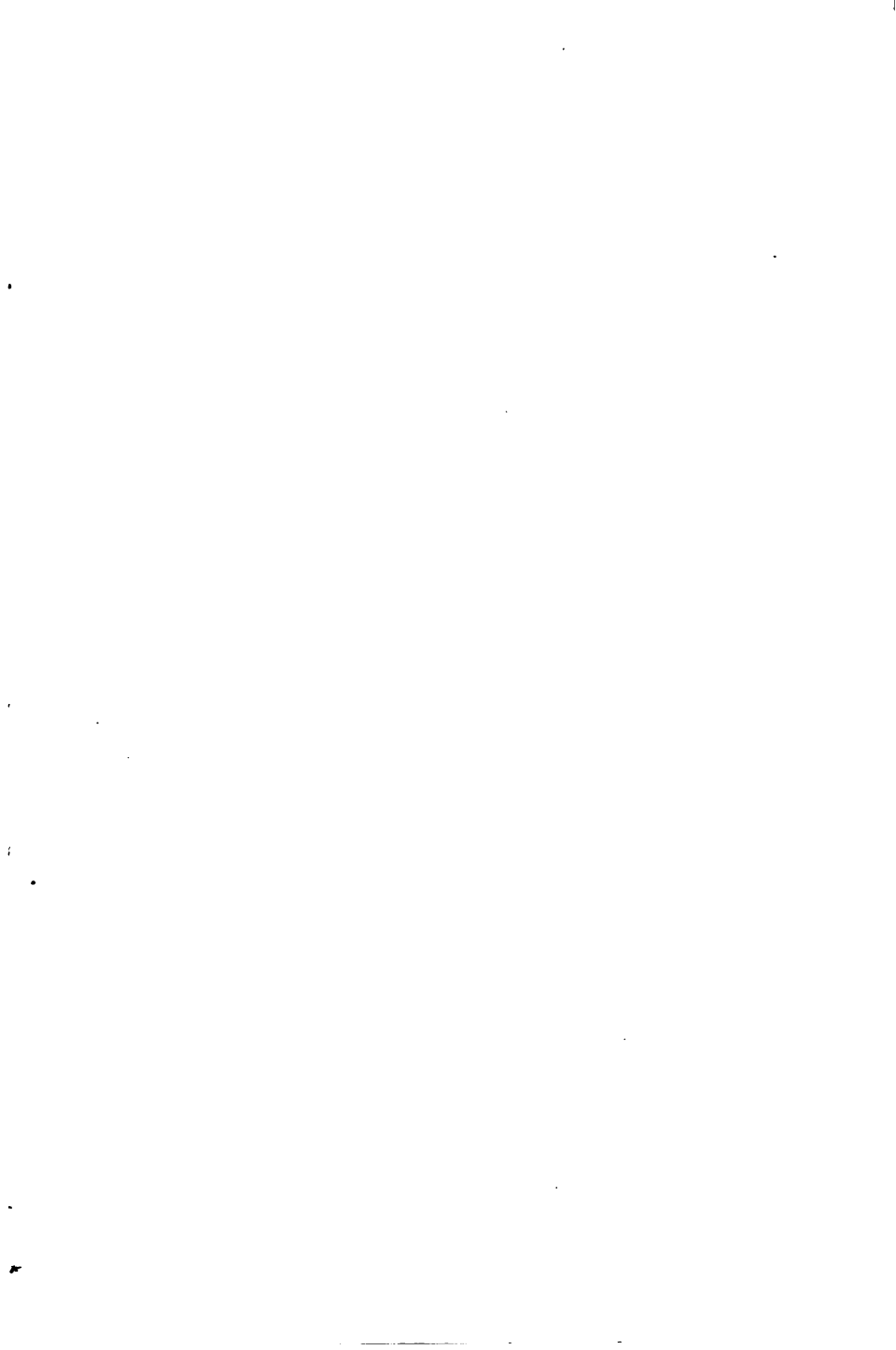


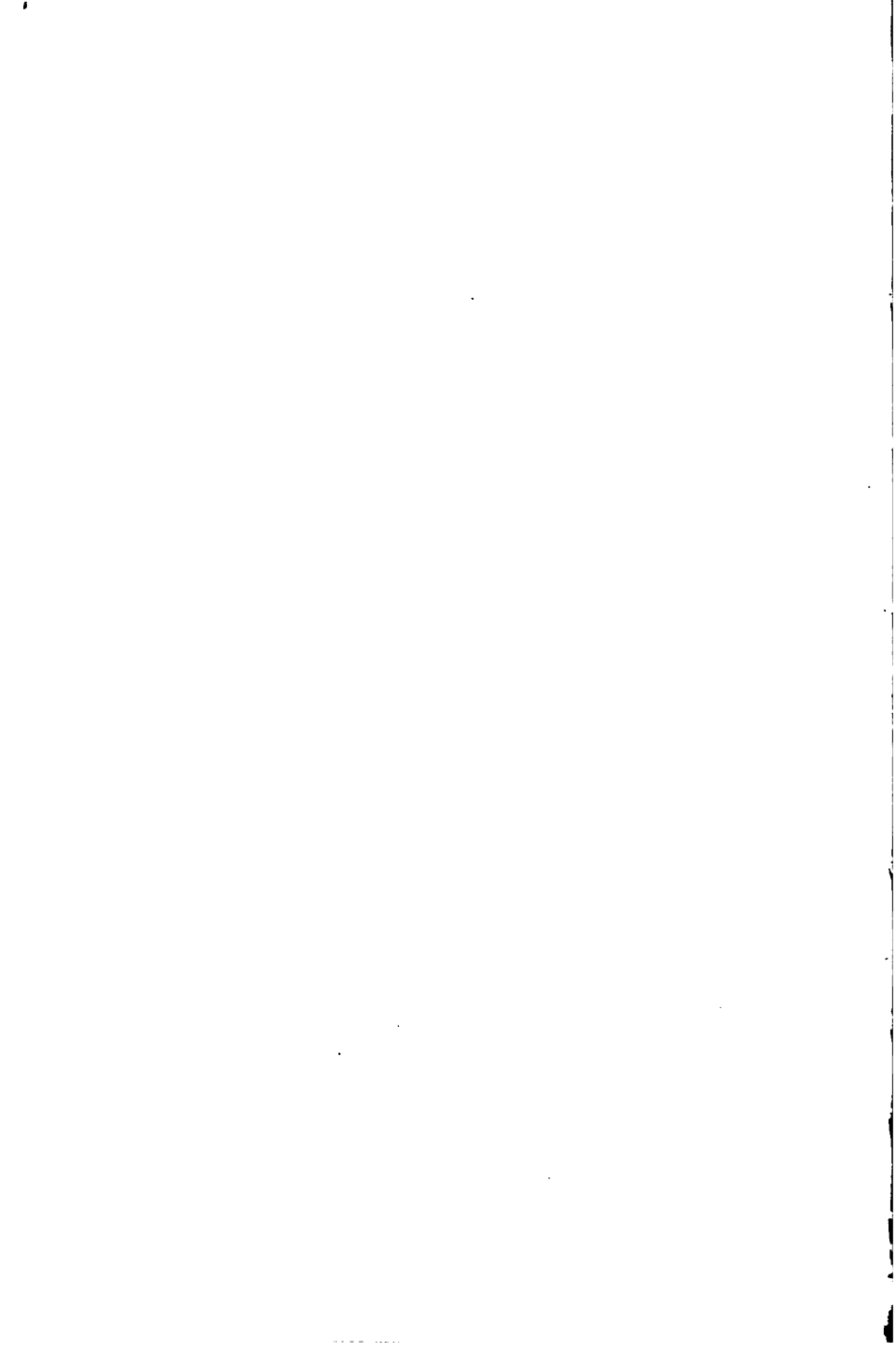
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.







ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



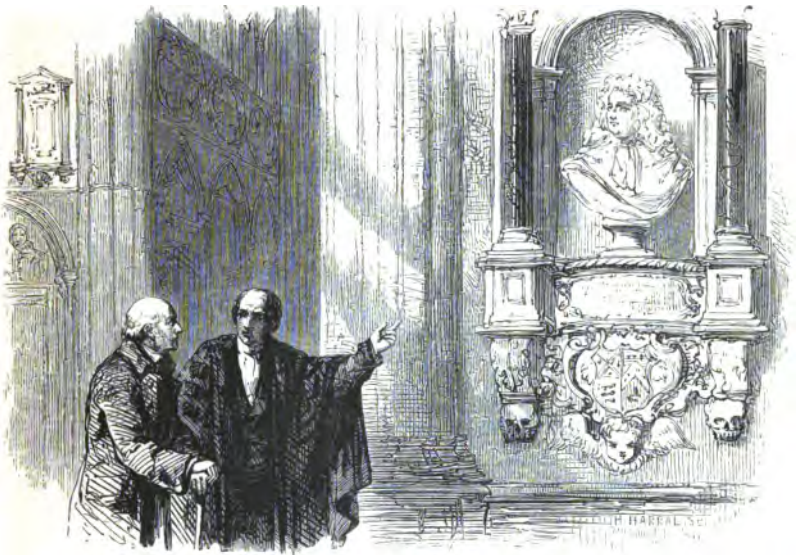






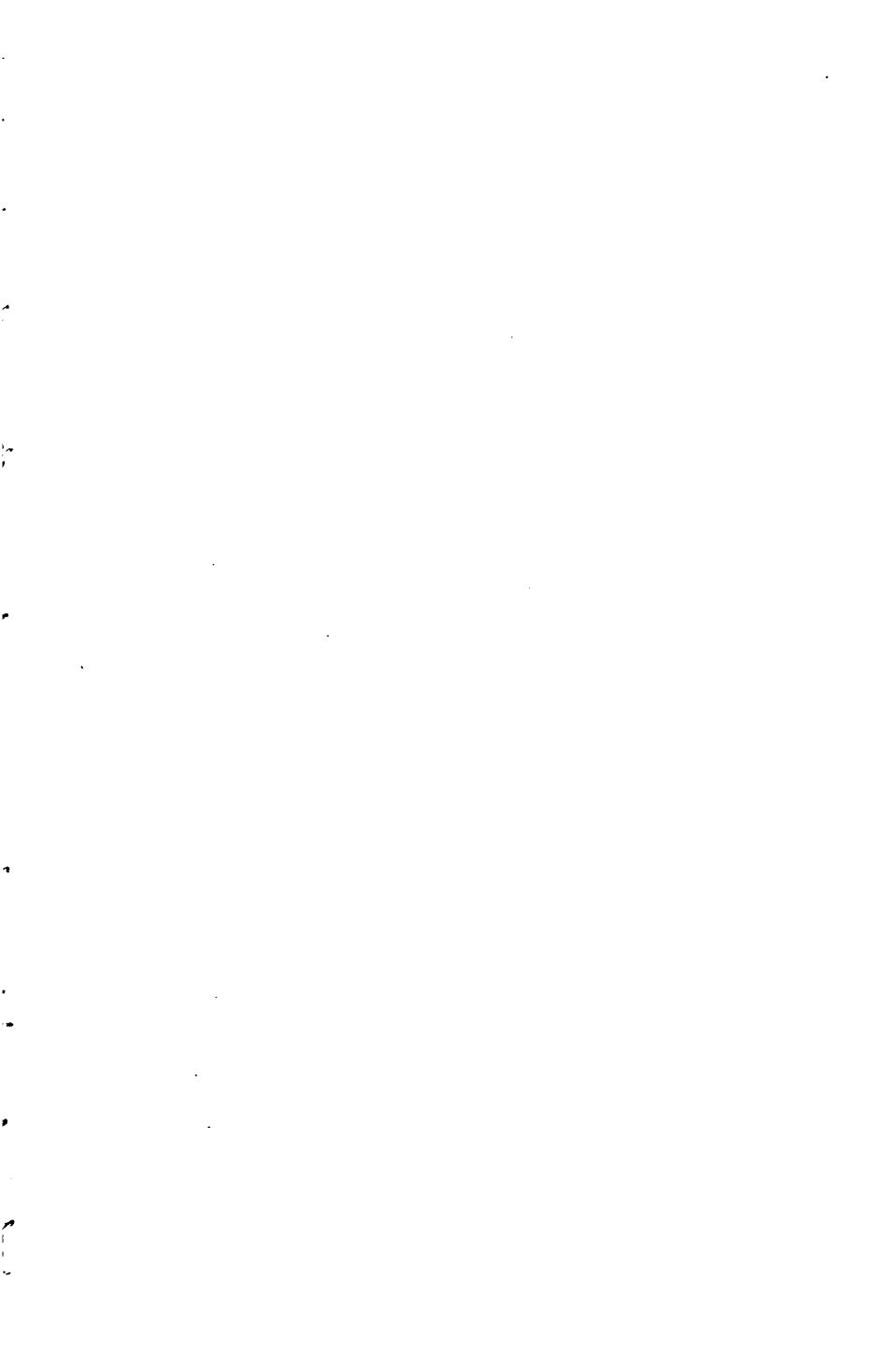
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.



Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?







ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

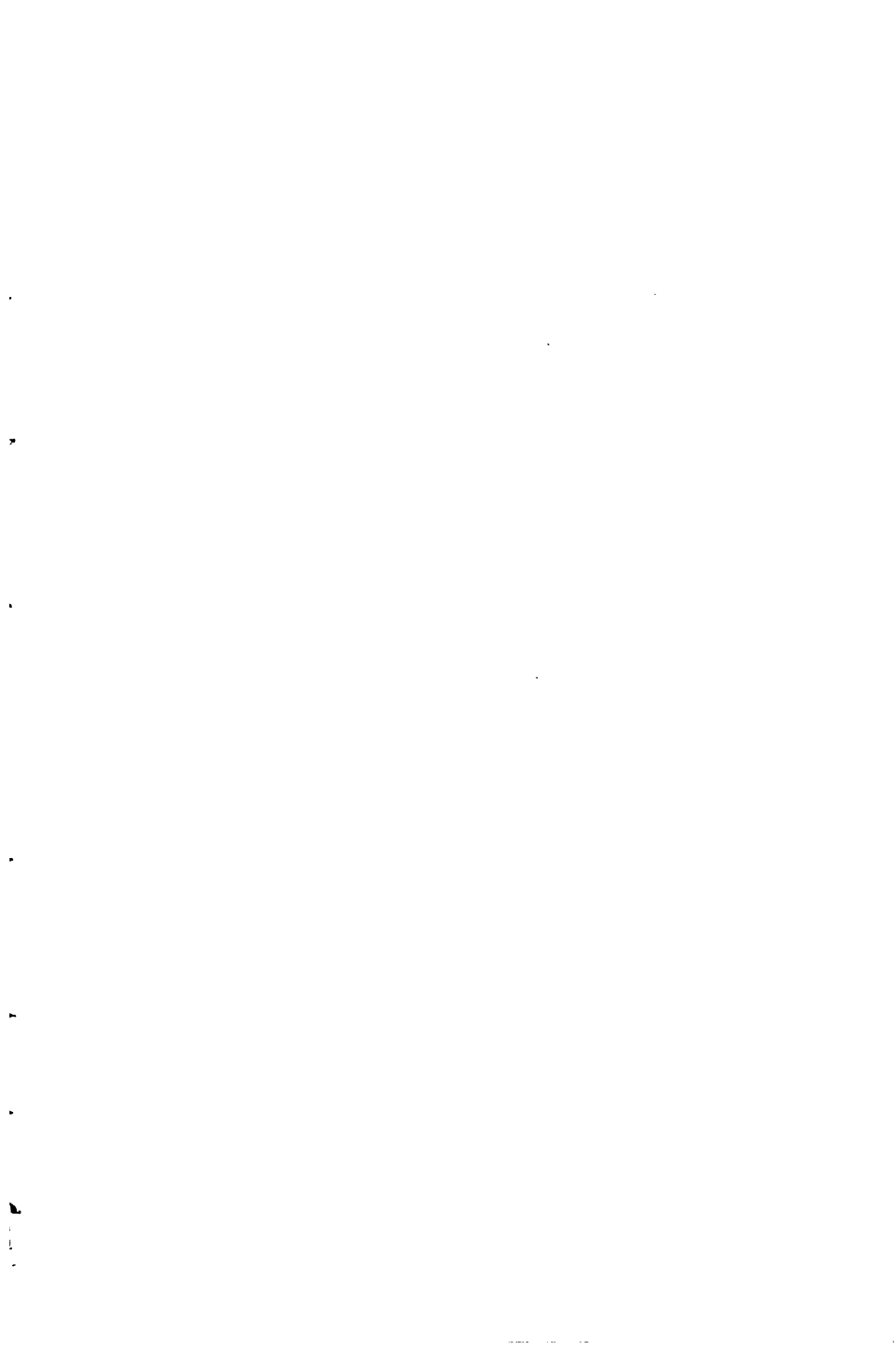
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre :



But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.





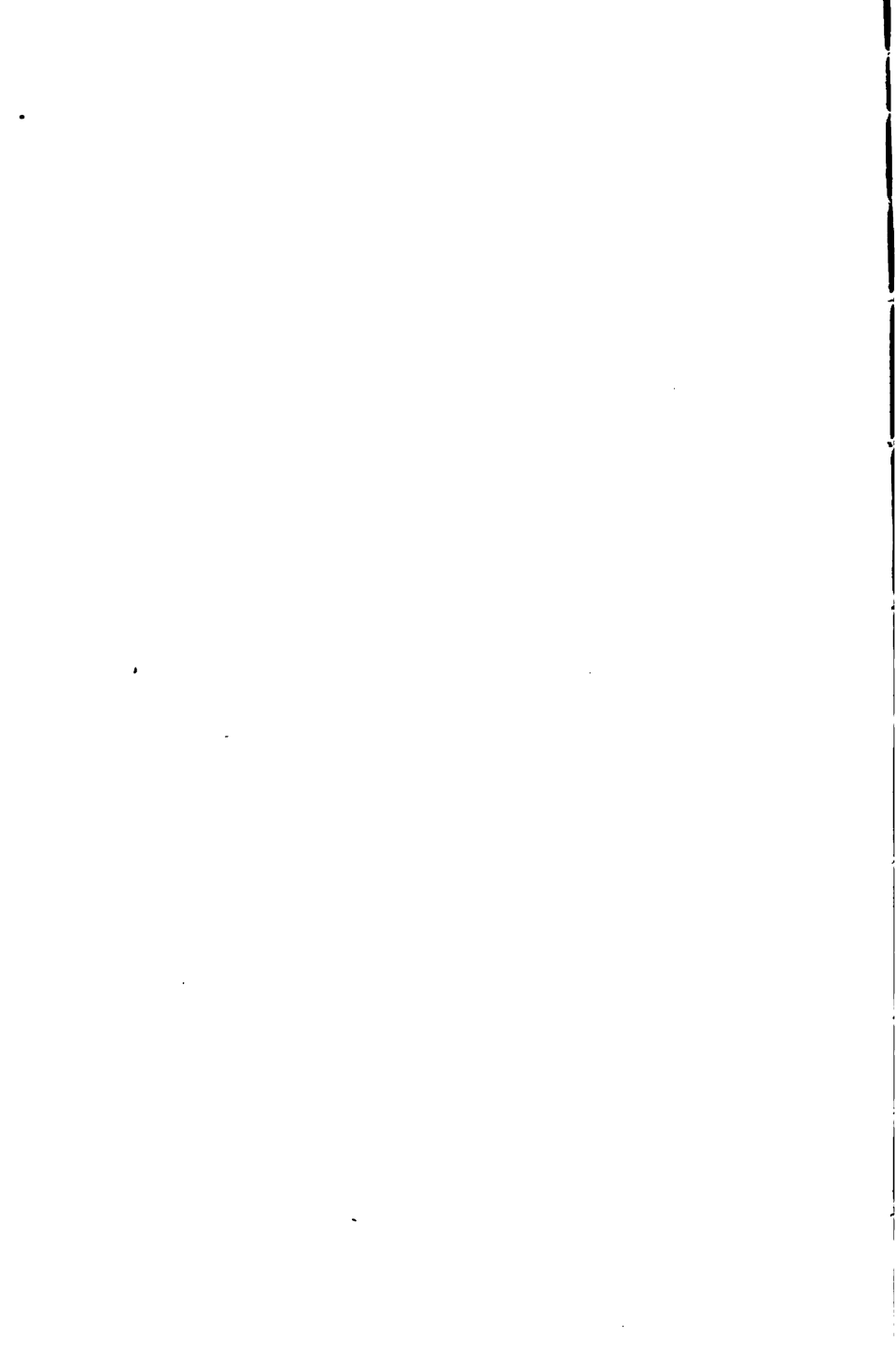


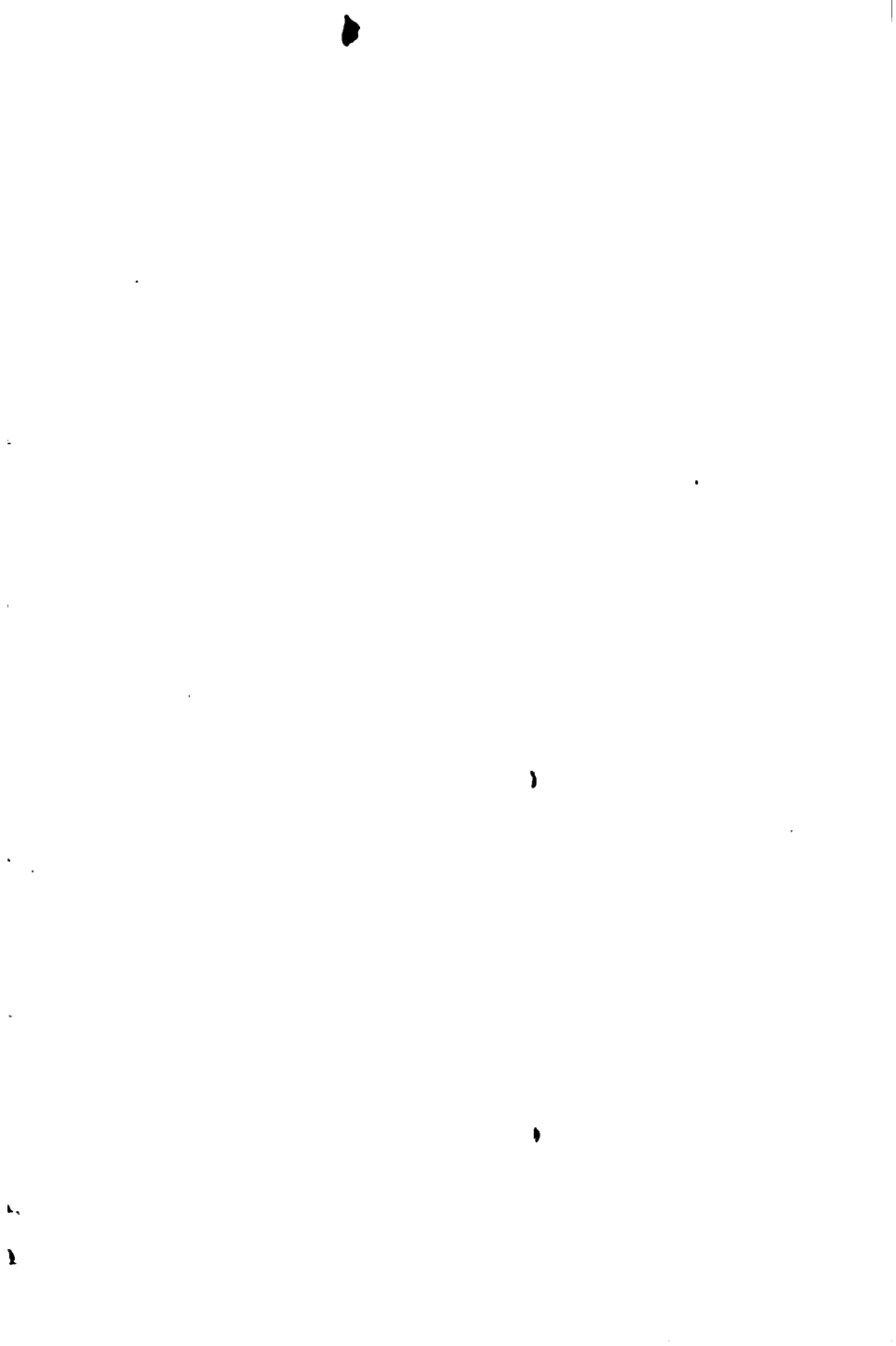


ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.







ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.



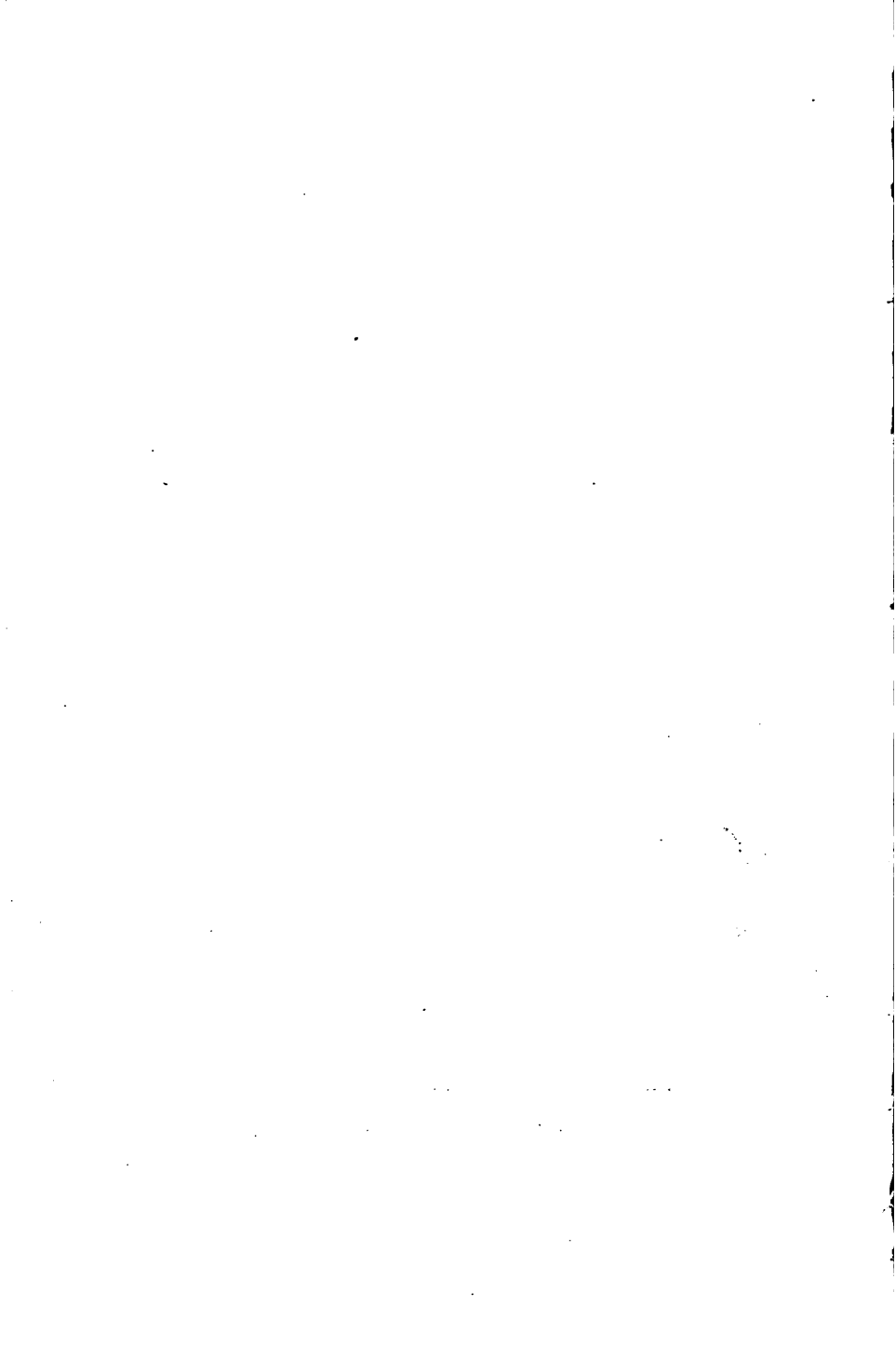


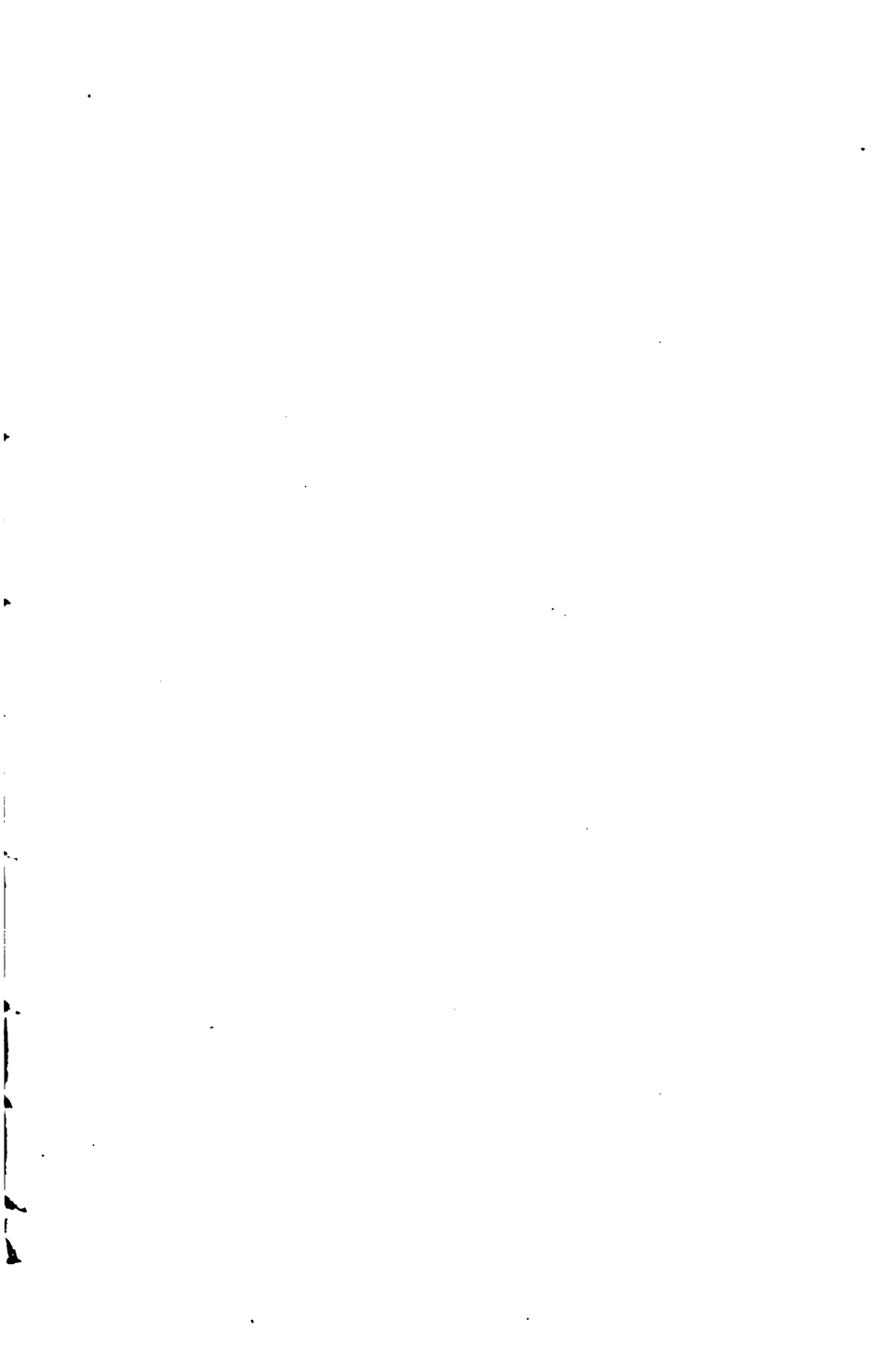
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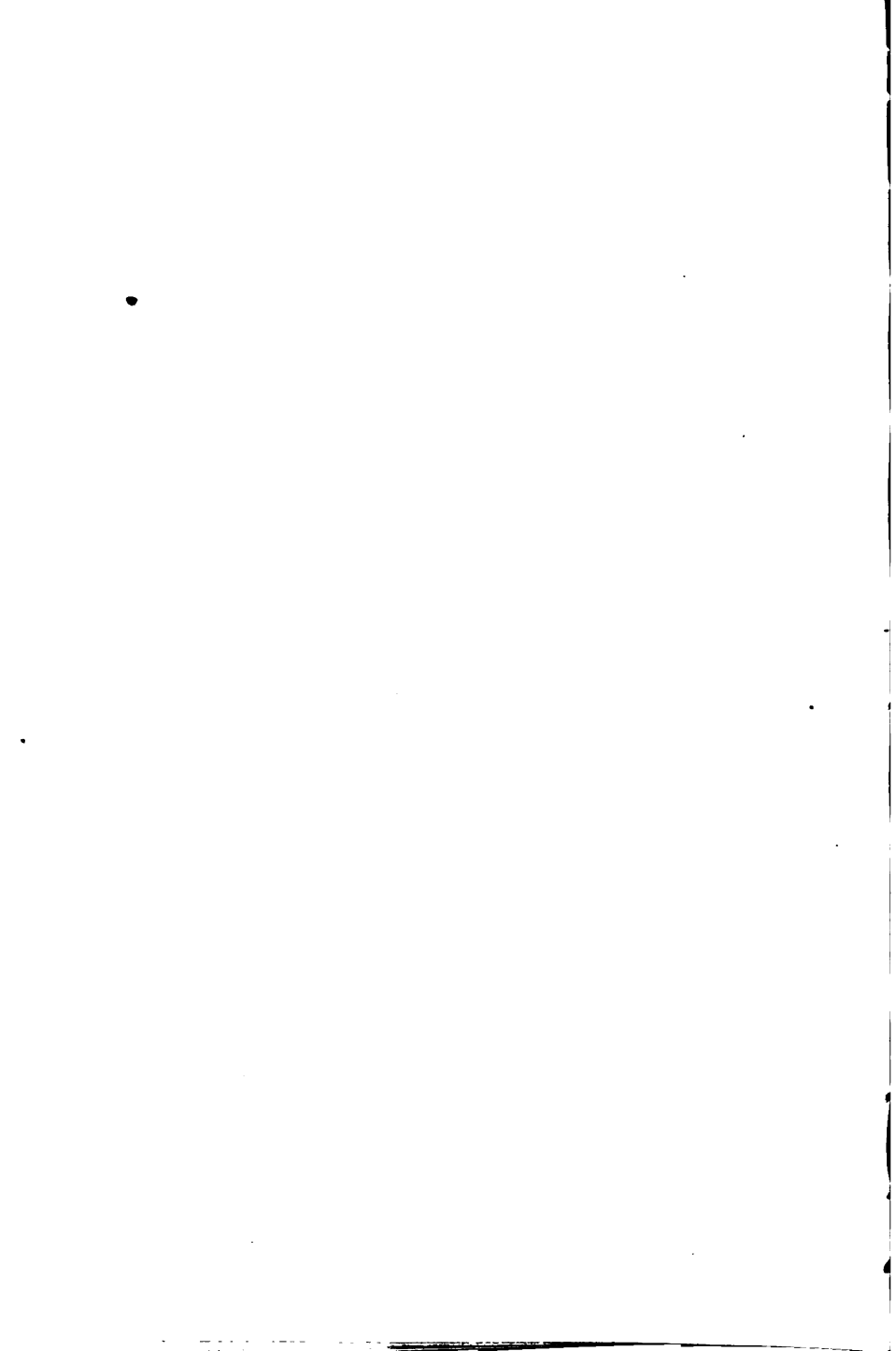
Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,



Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,





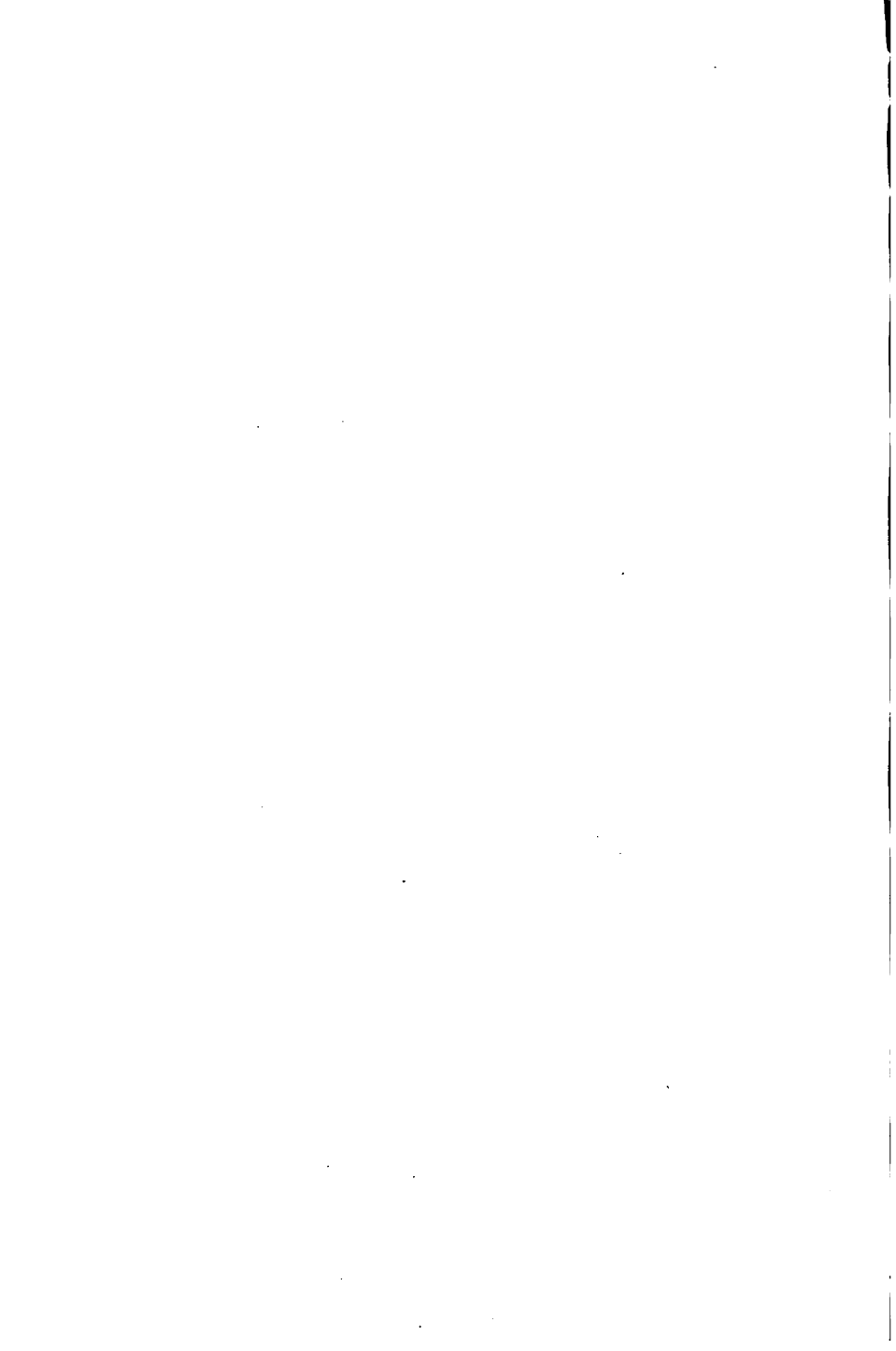


ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

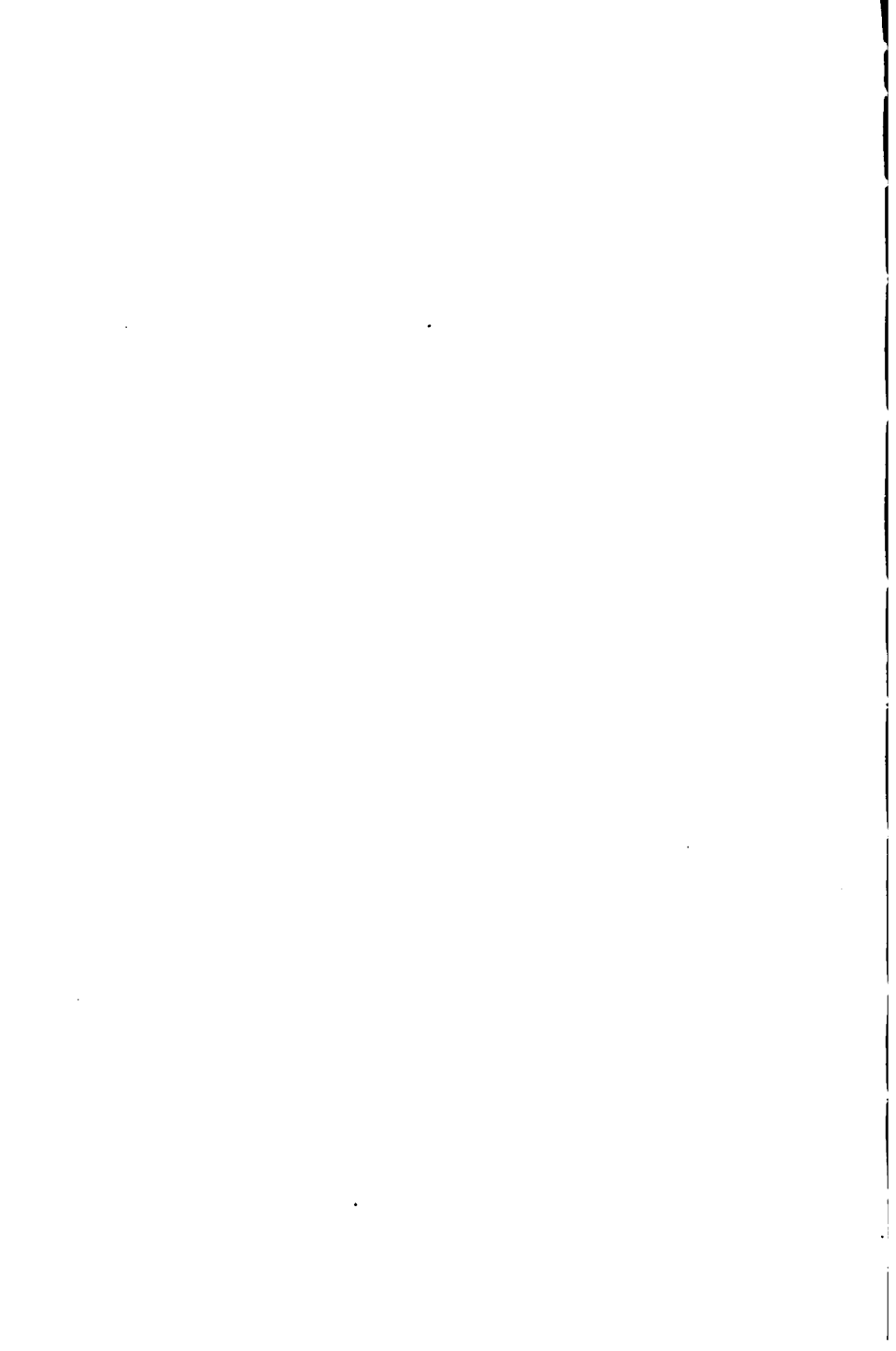


Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.







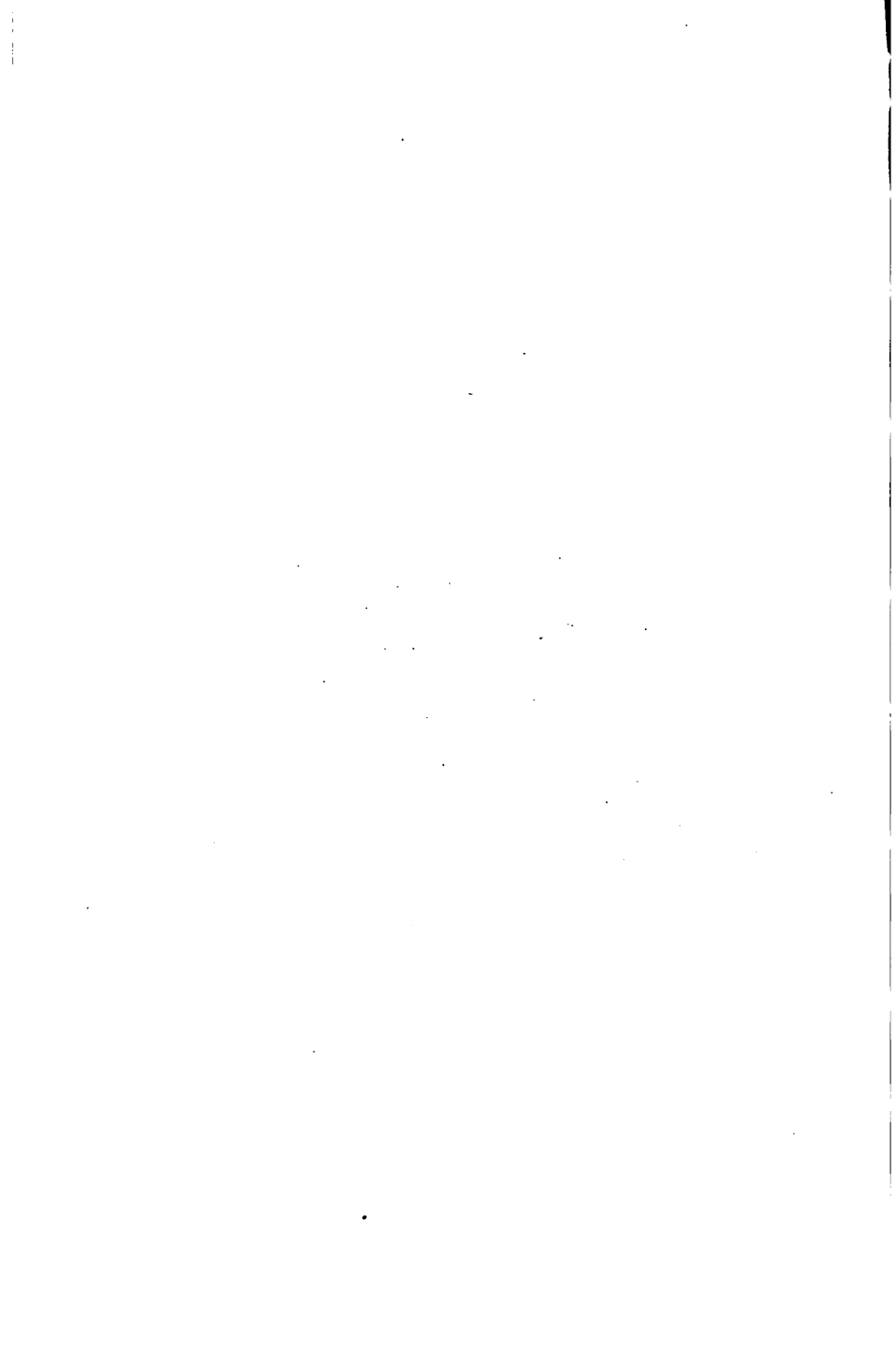


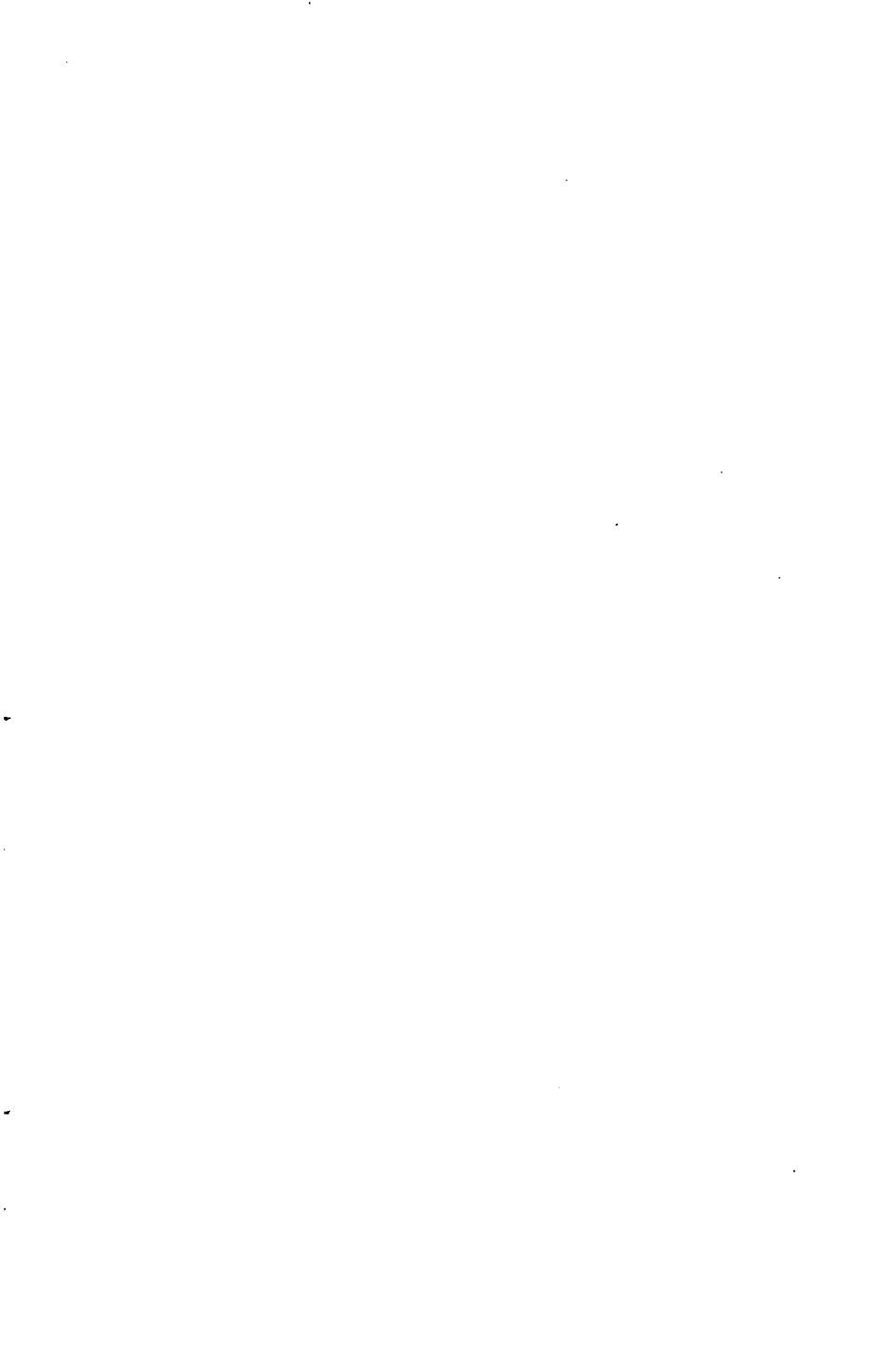
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

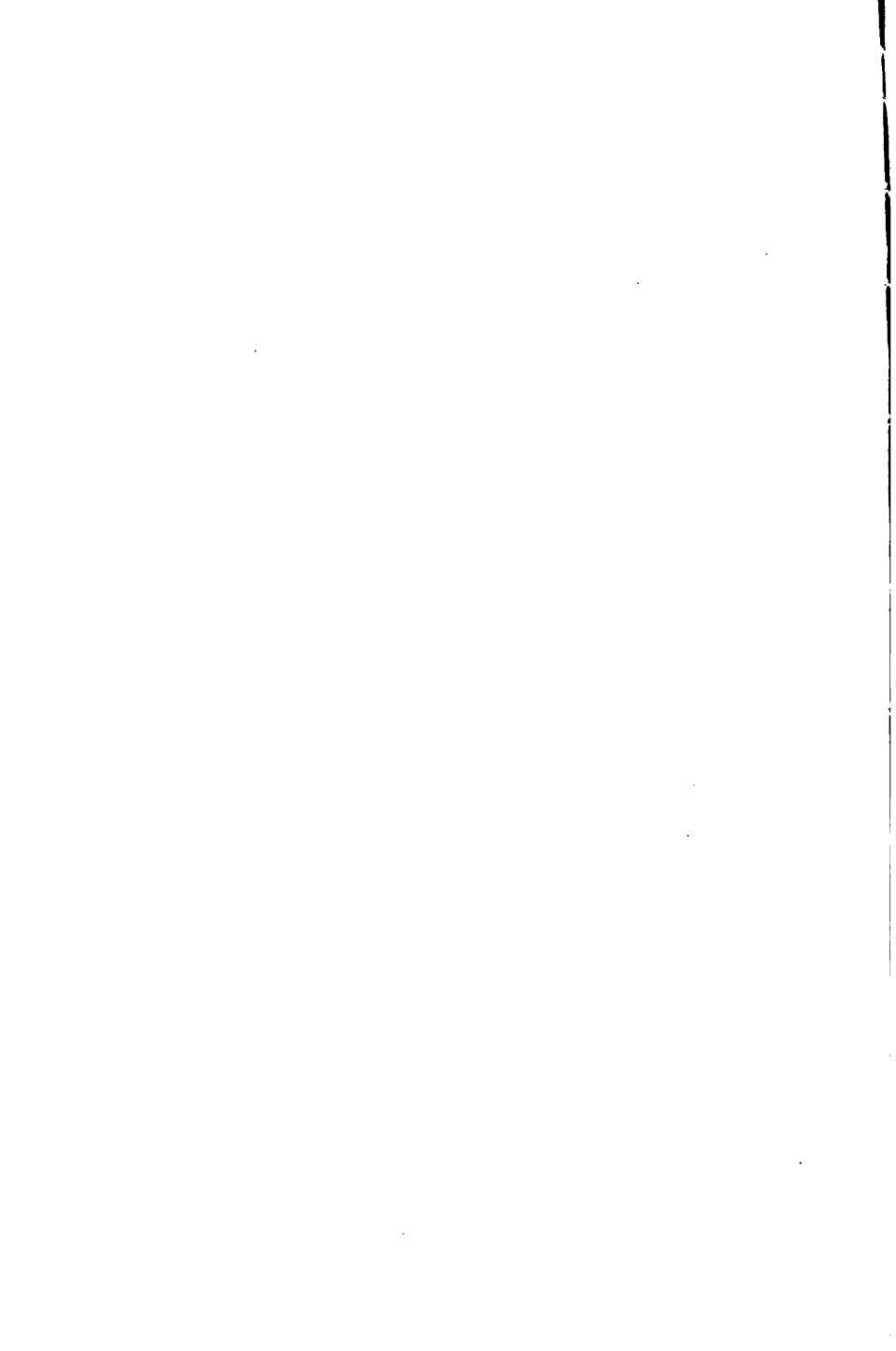
Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.



Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.



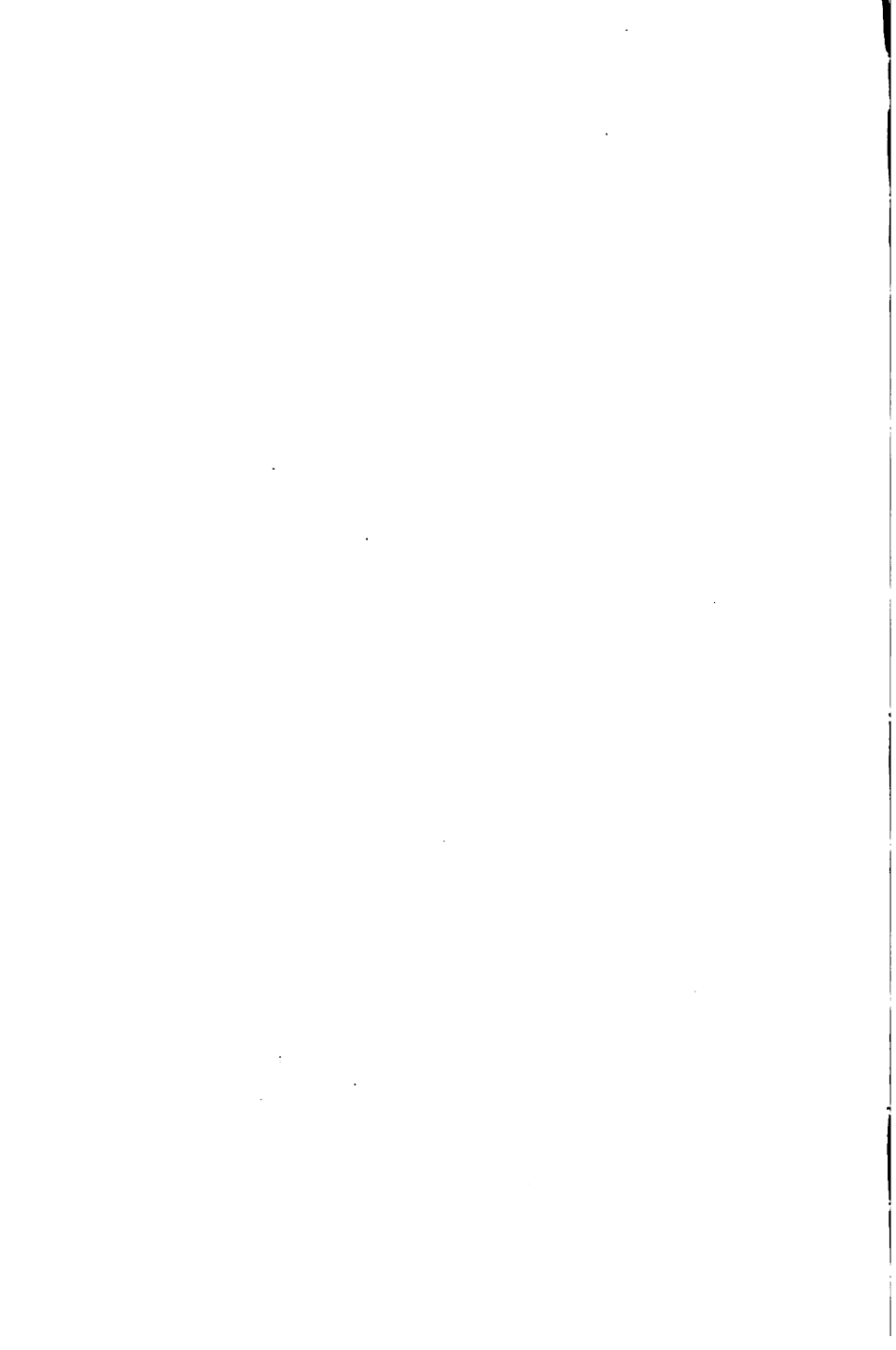


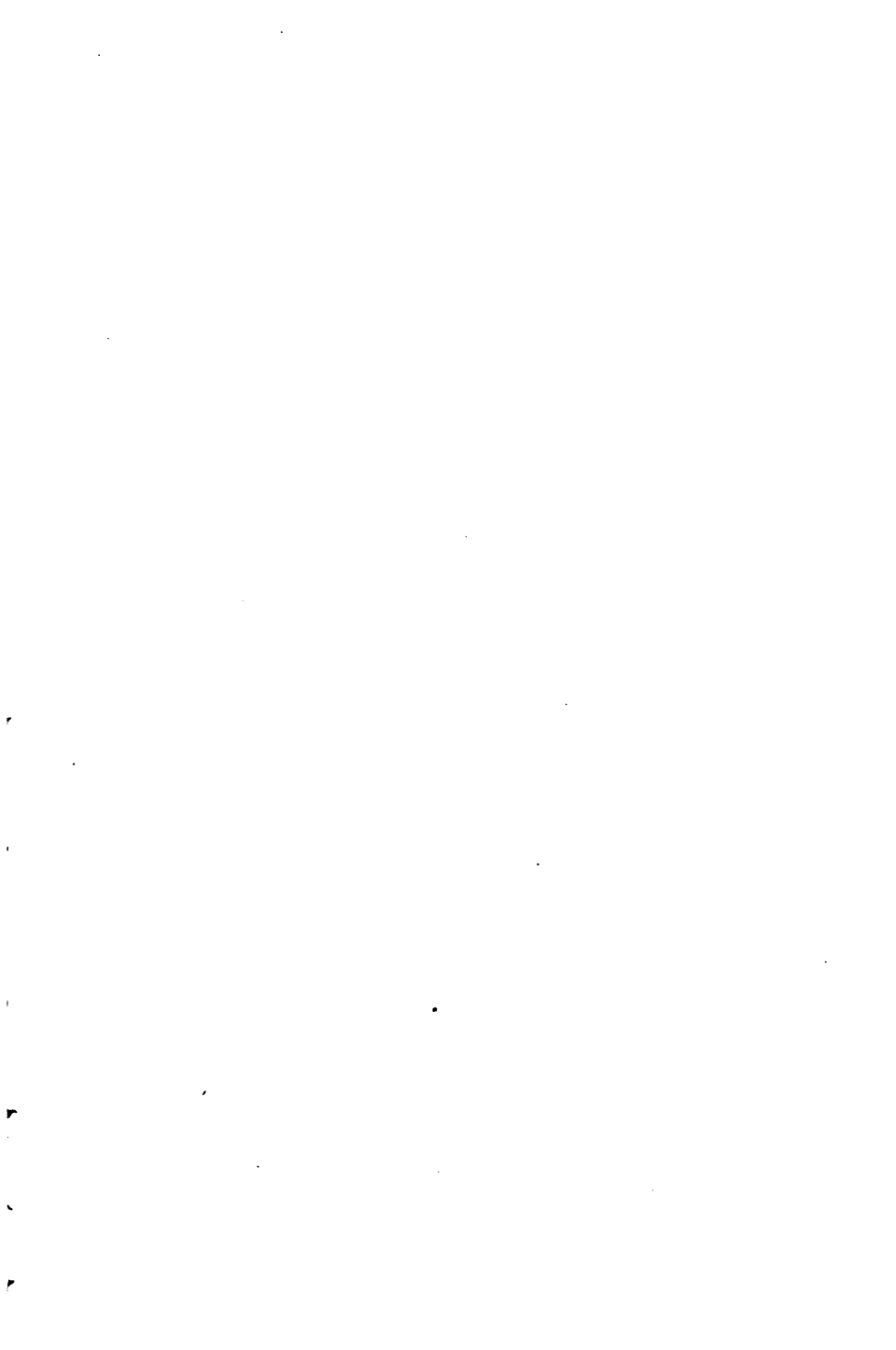


ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?









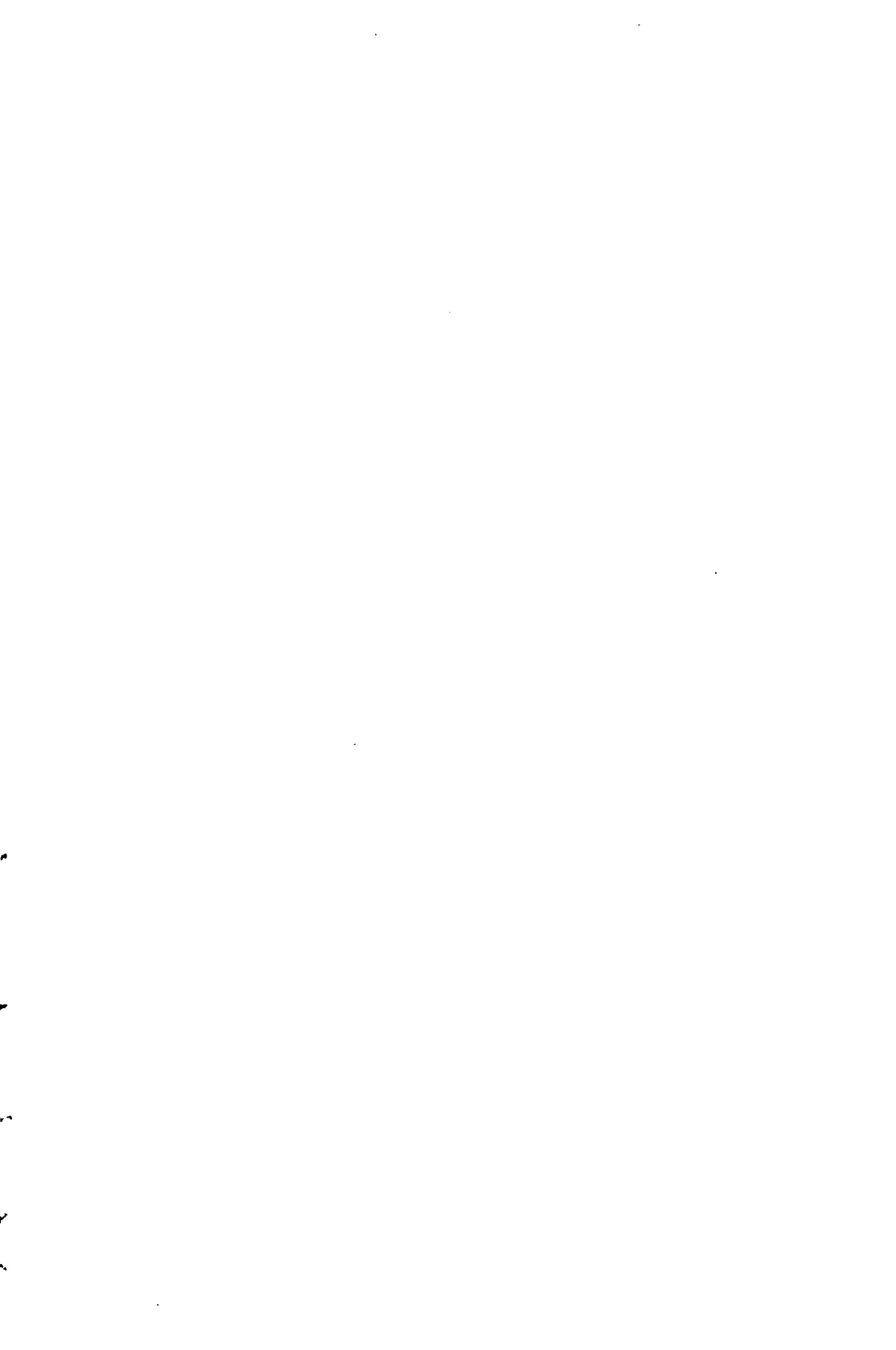
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.



For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—







ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

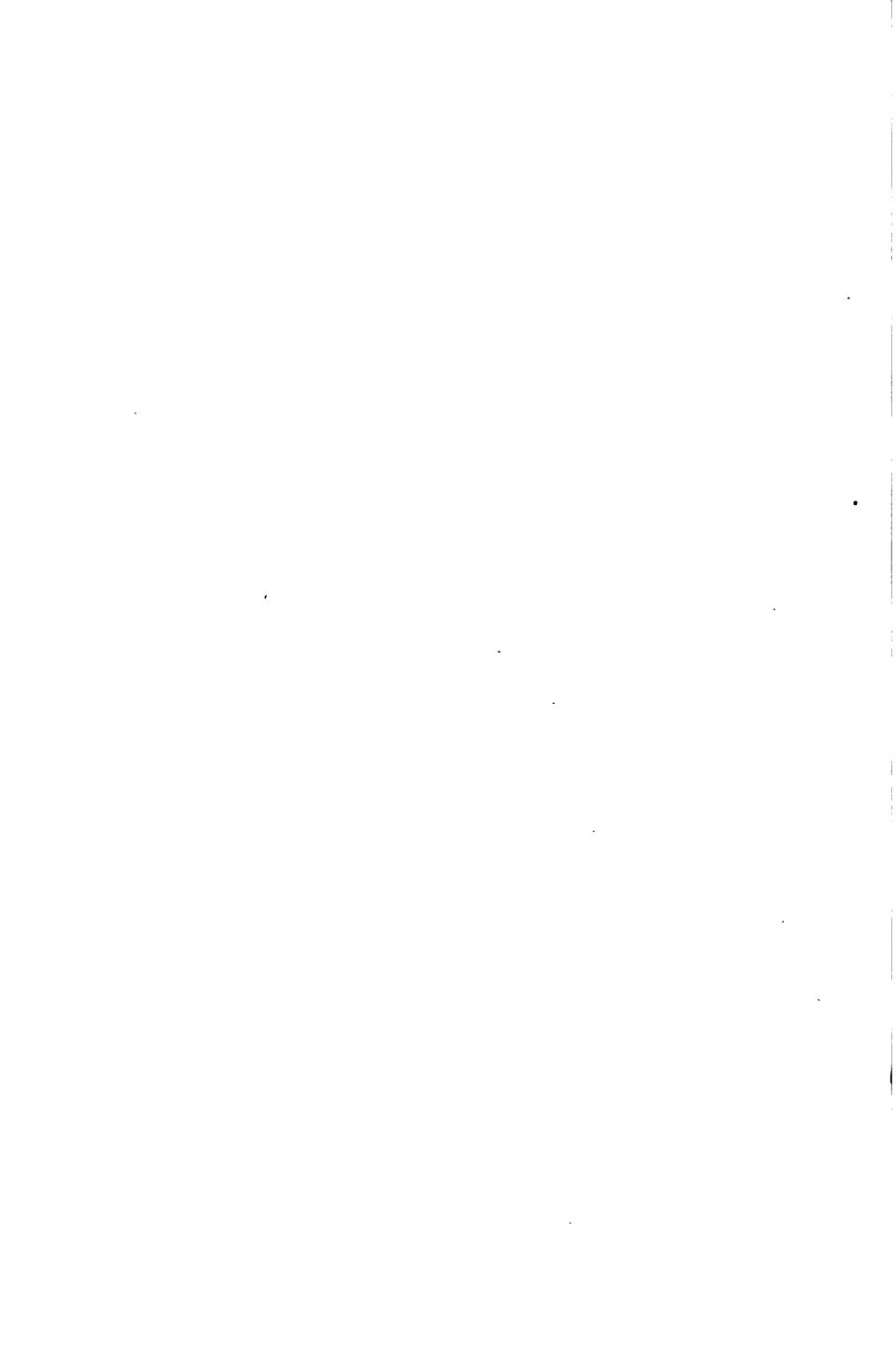


Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
    “Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
    To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :







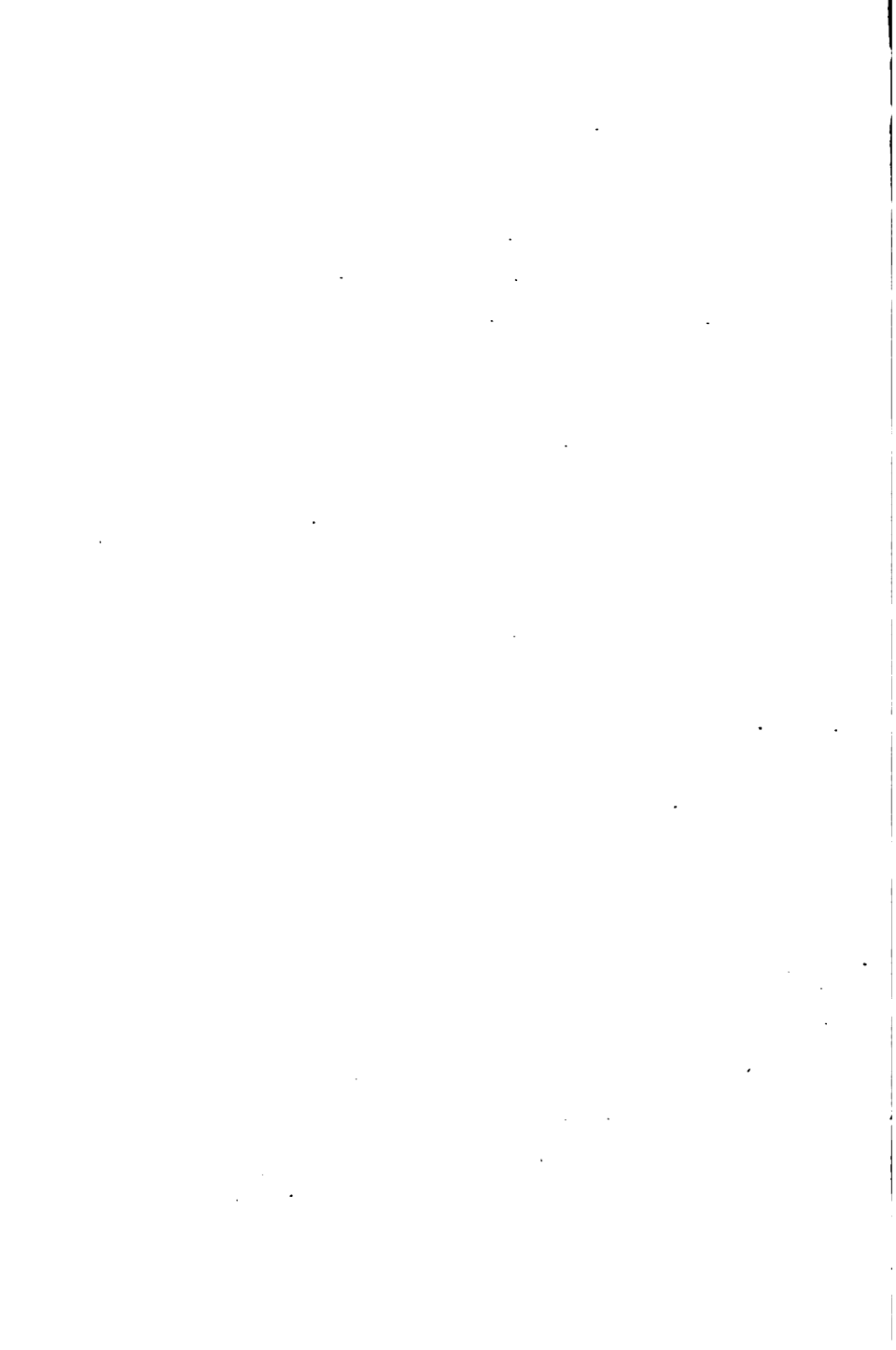


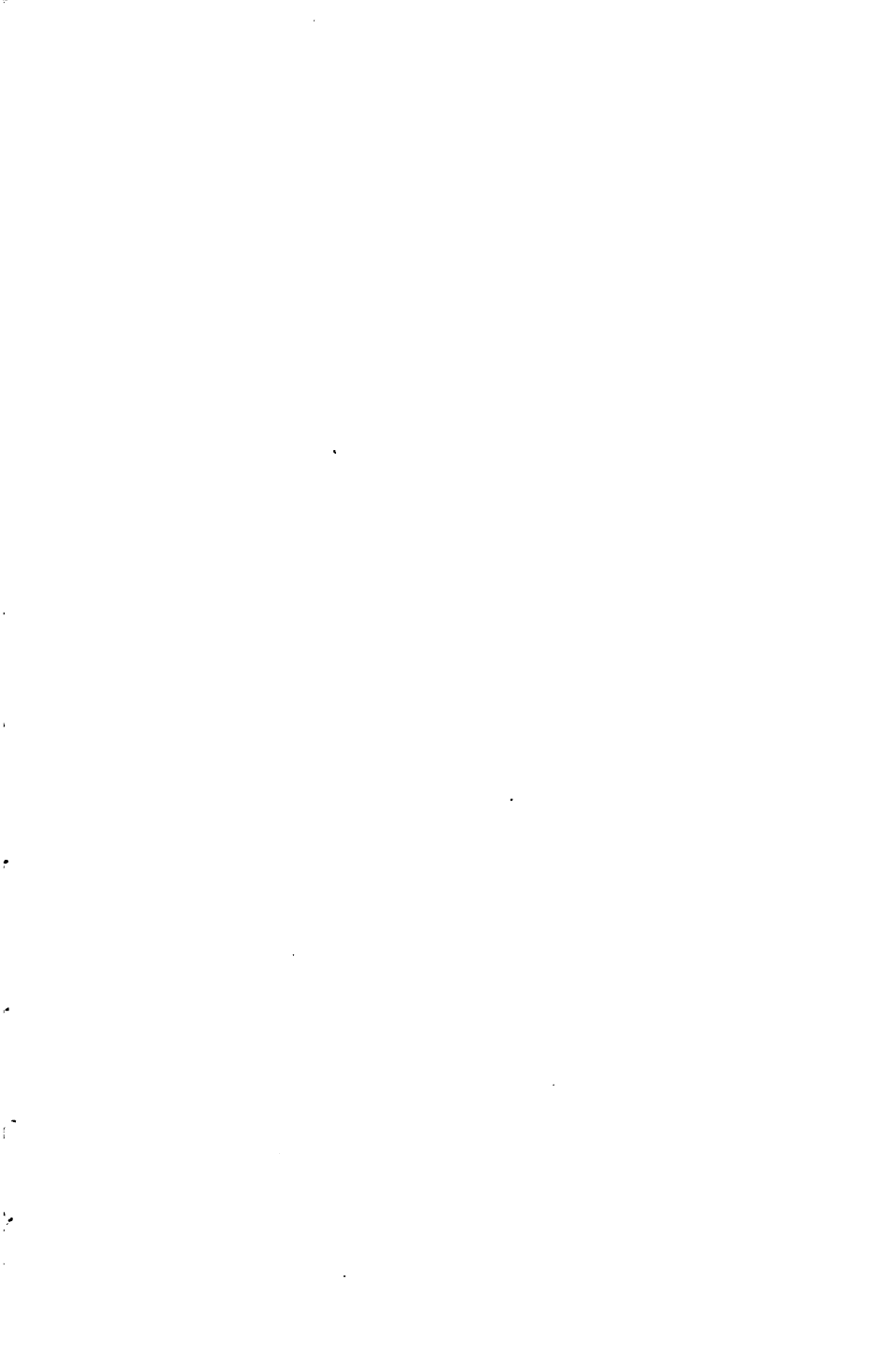
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.



“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.







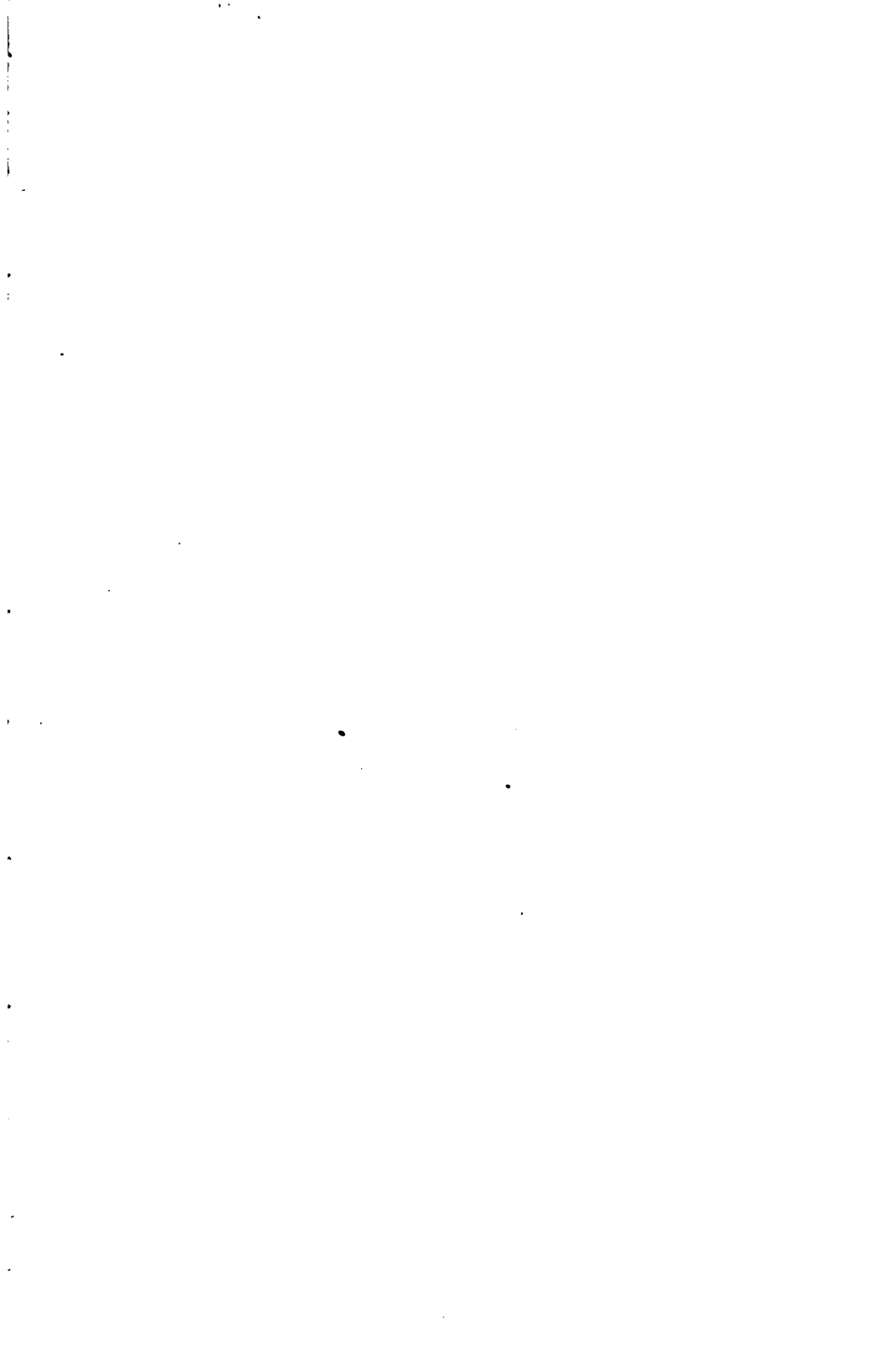
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :



“ The next, with dirges due in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :  
Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay  
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”





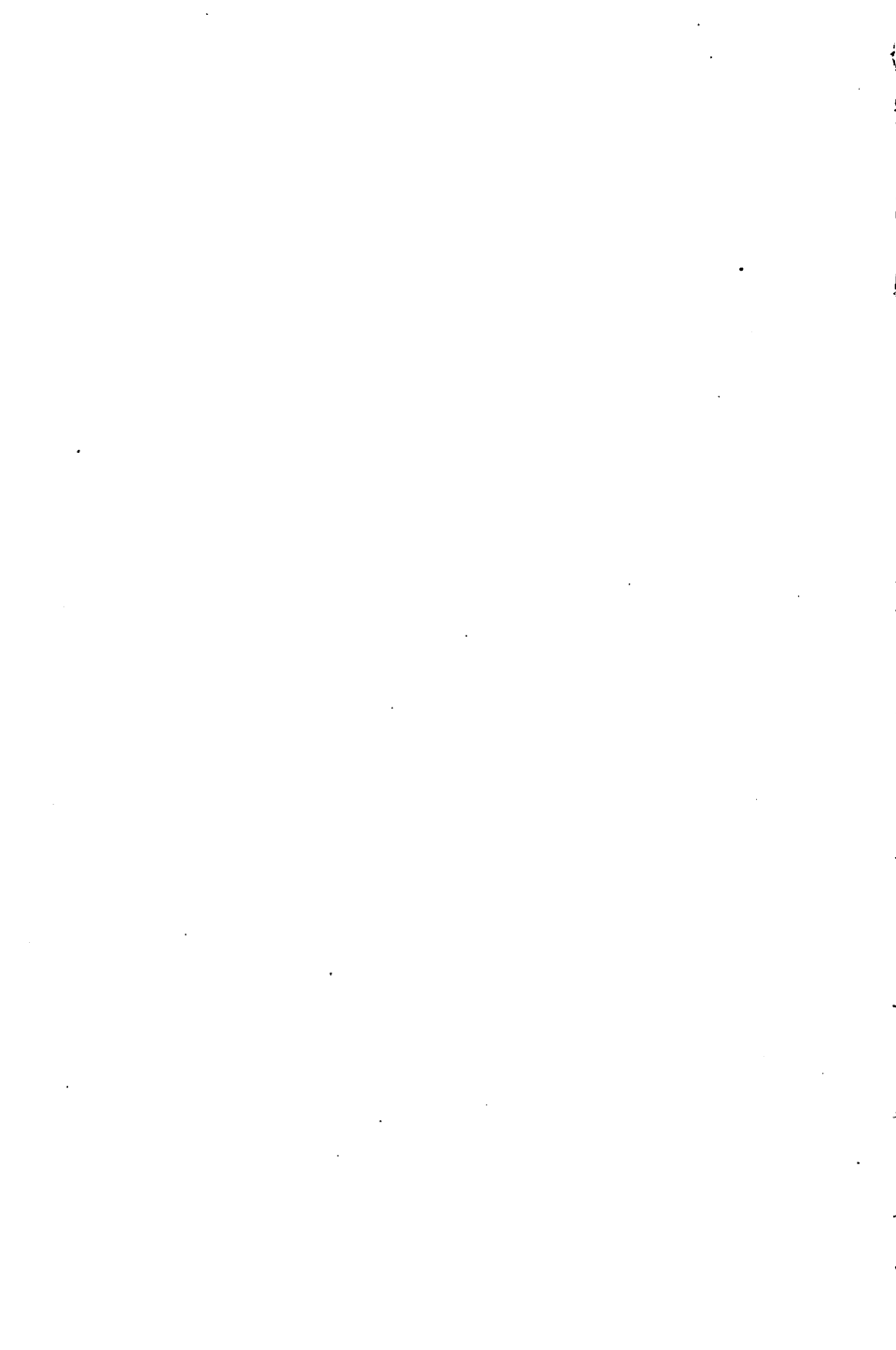


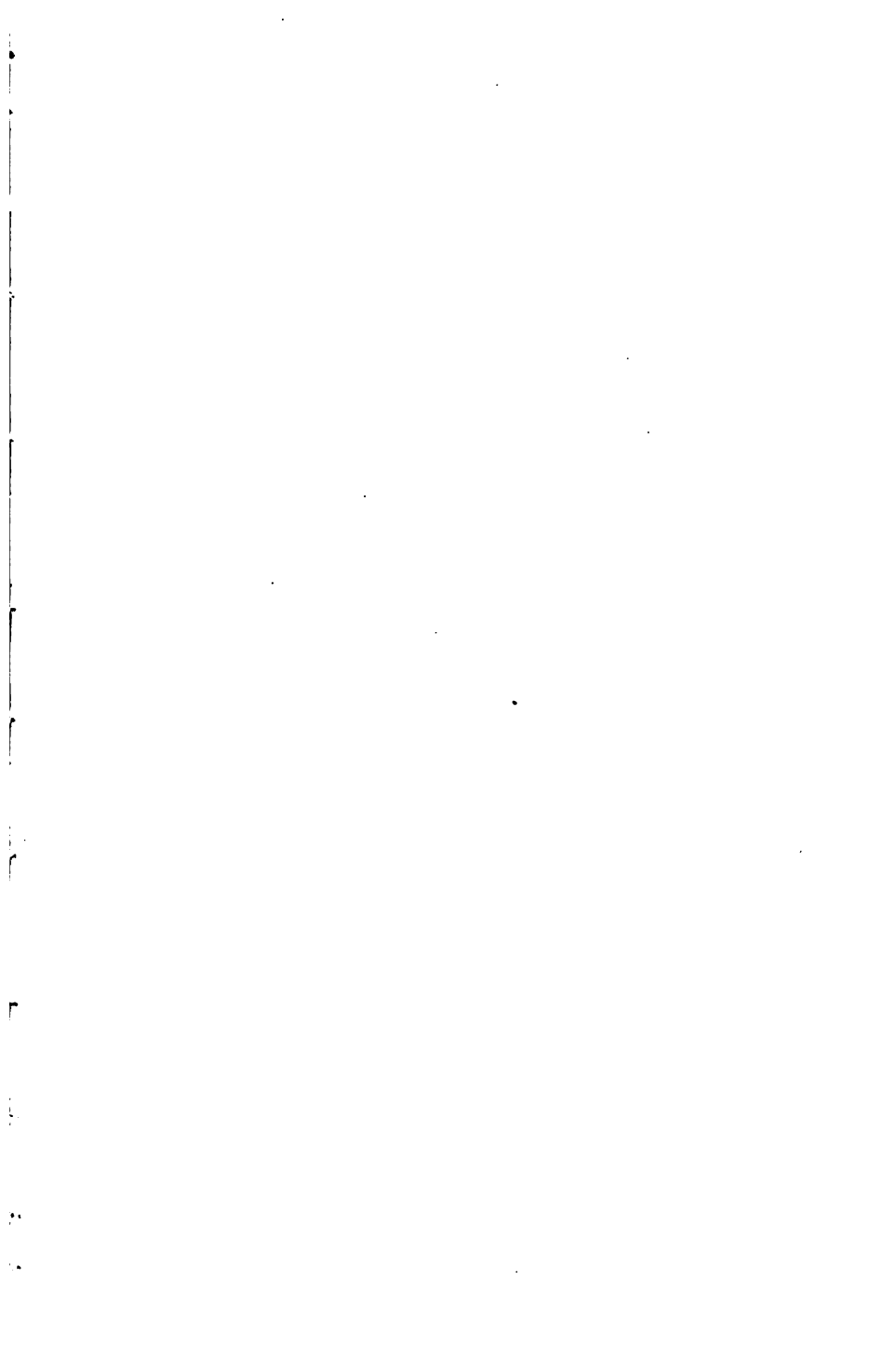


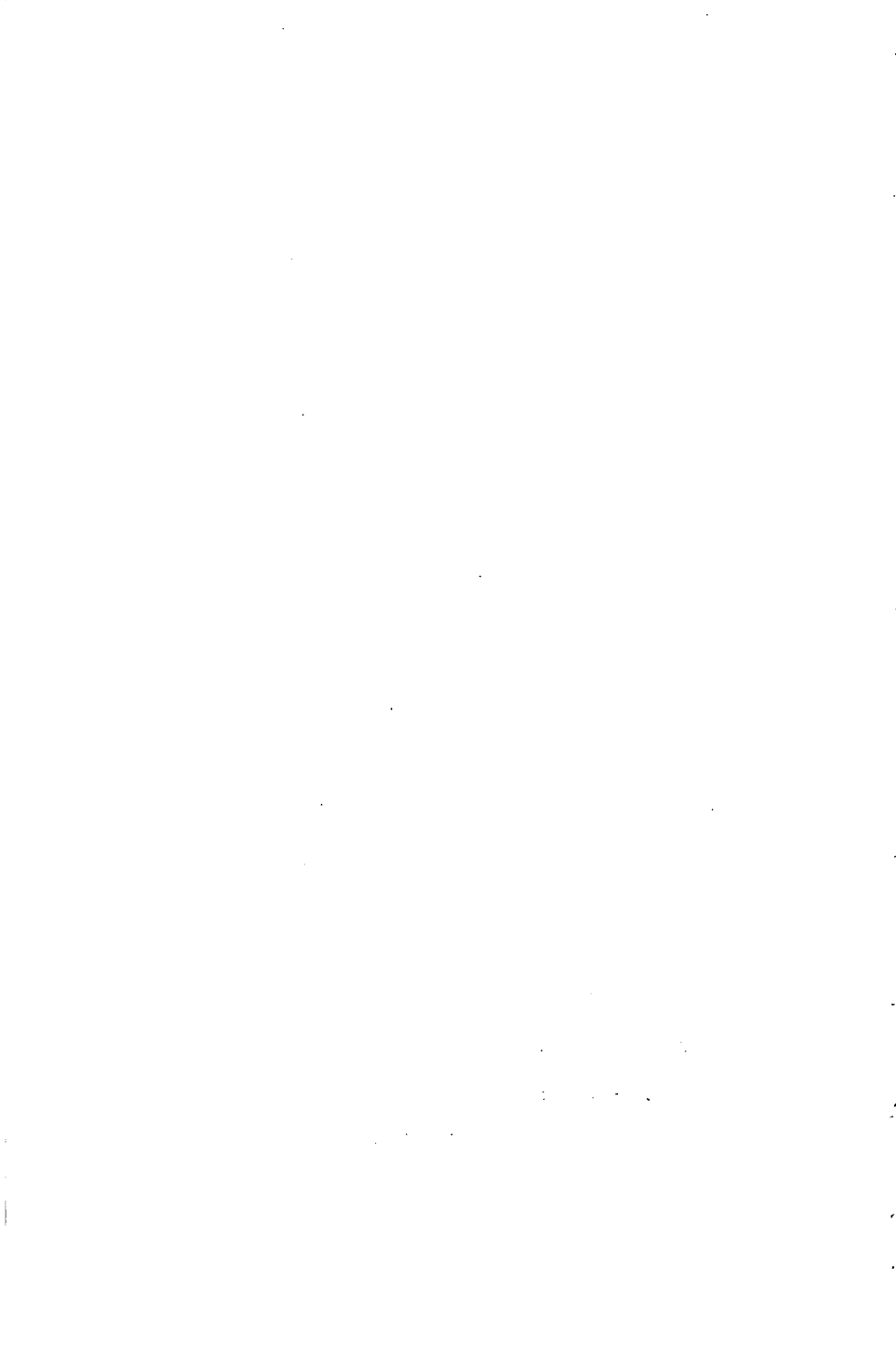


### THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :  
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.*







THE EPITAPH.

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,  
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.*



